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CURSORY CRITICISMS
ON THE
EDITION
OF
SHAKSPEARE

PUBLISHED BY
EDMOND MALONE.

A FAULCON, TOW'RING IN HER PRIDE OF PLACE,
WAS BY A MOUSING OWL HAWK'D AT AND KILL'D.

MACBETH.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR HOOKHAM AND CARPENTER,
NEW AND OLD BOND-STREET.

MDCCXCII.

CHRISTIANITY

EDITION

THE K. P. B. A. N. E.

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TO THE
MONTHLY AND CRITICAL
REVIEWERS.

GENTLEMEN,

I PREFIX this address in order to induce you, before you pass sentence on the following pages, to read them through: "*Strike, but hear!*" To enable you to do this I have desired my publishers to send each of you a copy; for, though you may have *Jack the Giant-killers coat*, it has never been suspected that you possess *Fortunatus's purse*; and the title of a book, read in a newspaper, or through a shop-window, may not be always a sufficient ground for unqualified condemnation and virulent abuse.

On second thoughts, however, I believe I might as well have saved them the trouble; since you will, most probably, allow Mr. Malone the grateful privilege of reviewing it himself: the virtue and honour

of this literary hero frequently condescending to bring down an unsuspecting enemy from the masked battery of a Review. And yet, I see, one of your "gangs"* has the effrontery to boast that it

—*Nothing extenuates,
Nor sets down aught in malice.*

That you "nothing extenuate," unless it be in favour of yourselves or your employers, I can easily believe; but the next line certainly requires, if not a different reading, an opposite construction. It suits your purpose, no doubt, to delude the unwary by false colours; as the devil, when he commences innkeeper, hangs out an angel for his sign. The real meaning, however, is that you

—*set down ALL in malice.*

Shakspeares morality, in the hands of a Reviewer, is to be read backward, like a witch's prayer.

* These *societies of gentlemen* (as they modestly intitle themselves) are, with equal justice and ability, characterised by Dr. Brown as—"two notorious gangs of *monthly* and *critical* book-thieves, hackney'd in the ways of wickedness, who, in the rage of hunger and malice, first *plunder*, and then *abuse*, *maim*, or *murder*, every honest author who is possessed of ought worth their *carrying off*; yet by skulking among other vermin in *cellars* and *garrets*, keep their persons tolerably out of sight, and thus *escape* the hands of *literary justice*." ESTIMATE OF THE MANNERS AND PRINCIPLES OF THE TIMES, vol. II. p. 75.

Accustomed as you are to every species of misrepresentation, you must by no means do me the injustice to say that I treat you with contempt. For, though a literary prostitute be, in reality, a most despicable character, I cannot but consider you in, if not a far superior, at least, a very different light;—as two formidable, in short, and mischievous gangs of nocturnal banditti, or invisible footpads, equally cowardly and malignant, who attack when there can be no defence, and assassinate or destroy where you cannot plunder. And yet, surprising as it is, while offenders of comparative insignificance are almost every day exposed on pillories, or perishing in dungeons, you have the luck to escape the resentment of the injured, and the vengeance of the law! Upon my word, gentlemen, I admire your good fortune, though I cannot persuade myself you deserve it; and, indeed, as guilt is only hardened by impunity, the sooner, I think, you are brought to justice the better. Nor is this event, perhaps, at so great a distance as you may imagine: even the *Monster*, you know, was caught at last; and, though you possibly conceive this *brother assassin* to have been as inferior to you in cunning, as he certainly was in criminality, it will not be amiss to let his fate be a warning to you.

I shall make no apology for having taken up so much of your time, which would, most probably, have been worse employed. You may now pro-

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ceed to gratify your malice, and take your revenge ;
and (as I know you are fond of Scripture quotations)
the Lord reward you according to your works !

I am,

Gentlemen,

Your humble servant.

* *

P R E F A C E.

MR. MALONE, in the year 1780, when publishing a *Supplement to Shakspeare* of plays which he never wrote, modestly remarked that *by a diligent collation of all the old copies thitherto discovered, and the judicious restoration of ancient readings, the text of this author seemed then finally settled.* Since that period, however, he has been labouring "with unceasing solicitude," for the space of "eight years" to convince the public that he had, if not directly asserted the thing which was not, at least gone a little further than was consistent with the exact state of the case. For, if the text had been already *diligently collated with all the old copies*, why should he make such a parade of having collated it himself? If it had not been so collated, why should he say it had? This fact is therefor manifest, upon Mr. Malones own evidence, that the text of Shakspeare had never been collated, whether diligently or not, with all or any of the old copies, by any person before Mr. Malone. To which one may add that even this great critics collation has not been either so diligent or so successful as he would

induce us to believe;* and also that it would have been much better for the said text if he had never collated it at all. By a *judicious restoration of ancient readings*, Mr. Malone seems to understand the replacing of all the gross and palpable blunders of the first folio, from which it has been the labour of such

* Of this the following instances, occasionally noticed, in the *two first vols.* may serve as the specimen of a proof:

Vol. I. p. 80. "If *thou* be pleas'd"—Both the folios read—*you*.

140. "For love is still *more* precious in itself."—The old editt. agree in reading—*most*.

154. "*Speed*. Item, she can *sew*."

"*Launce*. That's as much as to say, can she *so*."

Both the folios read *sow*, which is manifestly requisite. Probably, however, the editor may suppose *sew* and *so* to have the same pronunciation.

155. "And that *I cannot* help." In the old editions —*cannot I*.

174. "As easily as I do tear *this* paper." Both folios read—*bis*.

Vol. II. p. 70. "But grace being the soul of your complexion *should* keep the body of it ever fair."—In the folios—*shall*.

71. "Let me hear you speak *further*." Both editions—*farther*; a word entirely different from *further*, though too frequently confounded with it by ignorant persons: the one being the comparative of *forth*; the other a corruption of *farer*.

143. "In what safe place you have *dispos'd* my money." The old editions read—*bestow'd*

151. "If it be, sir, *pray* eat none of it." In the folio —*I pray*.

157. "Ay let none enter"—The old copies—*Ay, and let;*

critics as Rowe, Pope, Theobald, Warburton, and Hanmer to purge the text. Mr. Malone is a critic of a very different description.

I have thought proper, in the following pages, to make a few observations on some of Mr. Malones notes. Now Mr. Malone will take this exceedingly ill; for Mr. Malone has a very high opinion of himself, and a very mean one of every body else. But I confess I do not seek to please Mr. Malone: I wish to rescue the language and sense of an admirable author from the barbarism and corruption they have acquired in passing through the hands of this incompetent and unworthy editor. In a word, I mean to convict and not to convince him.

The total want of *ear* and *judgement*, under which Mr. Malone will be found to labour, is undoubtedly a natural defect, for which he would be an

Vol. II. p. 190. "And much different from the man he was."

The folios read: "And much *much* different;"

—the additional syllable being necessary to the metre, which the editor could not perceive.

161. "And *therefore* came it that the man was mad."

In the old copies.—"And *thereof* came it."

277. "Through the forest have I gone,

"But Athenian *found* I none."

All the old editions read—*find*, which is not only more elegant but more grammatical.

There is no reason to believe that each of the remaining volumes would not have contributed an equal number of these damning proofs; but in fact the search required too large a portion of both time and patience.

object rather of pity than of reprehension, if he had not forced himself into an employment for which ear and judgement were essential, and nature, of course, in depriving him of those indispensable requisites, had utterly disqualified him. Want of courage, in a common man, may be considered as mere weakness of nerves; in a commander, it is punished with death.

But it is not the want of ear and judgement only of which I have to accuse Mr. Malone: he stands charged with divers other high crimes and misdemeanors against the divine majesty of our sovereign lord of the drama; with deforming his text, and degrading his margin, by intentional corruption, flagrant misrepresentation, malignant hypercriticism, and unexampled scurrility. These charges shall be proved—not, as Mr. Malone proves things, by groundless opinion and confident assertion, but—by fact, argument, and demonstration. How sayest thou, culprit? Guilty or not guilty?

Whoever may think fit to censure the language of these “criticisms,” Mr. Malone has no such right; having himself rifled the blooming beds of Billingsgate to grace his commentaries with the choicest rhetorical flowers.* It is surely lawful to return an

* He seldom introduces the author of the *Remarks*, &c. without a compliment on his *profound ignorance* or *crude notions*, the *feebleness of his attempts at jocularity*, the *slenderness of his criticism*, and the like; or the favourite epithet of a *shallow* or *half-informed* remarker. “And thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges.”

enemy the shot of his own poisoned arrows : and, as for the rest, whatever respect may be due to the errors of genius, the blunders of ignorance and presumption deserve no quarter.

* * * Since these sheets were printed off, Mr. Malone has issued proposals for a new and splendid edition of the plays and poems of this admired author, IN FIFTEEN VOLUMES ROYAL QUARTO!!! The reciprocal good opinion which the public and Mr. Malone appear to entertain of each other does both parties infinite honour ; the one from his singular confidence, the other from its refined taste. Having sufficiently, and, I trust, satisfactorily, proved how peculiarly qualified this ingenious gentleman is for an editor of our great poet, I have only to add my sincerest wishes that the completion of so magnificent a work may happen in time to afford me another equally favorable opportunity of giving my humble testimony to his very extraordinary merit.

O ! while, along the stream of time, thy name
Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame,
Say, shall my little bark attendant sail, |
Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale?

CURSORY CRITICISMS, &c.

VOL. I. PART I.

P R E F A C E.

PP. xix. xxi. &c.

THERE cannot well be a more flagrant proof of disingenuity in the support of a particular opinion than is here manifested by the editor in his treatment of the *second folio*, in order to substantiate his position “ that the editor of that book was intirely ignorant of our poets phraseology and metre ; and that various alterations were made by him, in consequence of that ignorance, which render his edition of no value whatever.” Many of the instances adduced in support of this assertion are mere self-evident errors of the press, the accidental omission or insertion of a single word, or the inadvertent transposition of a couple of letters ; * faults to which every copy is

* One passage of this kind is very remarkable. The first folio reading.

Is straightway *calm* and boarded with a pirate

The editor of the second edition, or some one for him, had added the *d* ; and the printer made it *claim'd*. So where, instead of *Car-rat*, in the first folio, the second has *Raccat* ; and instead of *vigilance*, *viligance*, we are to impute the compositor's carelessness to ignorance or intentional corruption.

equally subject ; and consequently prove that editors ignorance much less than his accusers malice ; which is the more remarkable as he has actually availed himself of a very considerable number of the corrections of the identical edition which he thus anxiously labours to depreciate as a sink of ignorance and corruption. It must be evident, that by this partial mode of proceeding, the same charge might be brought home not only to the first folio, but to almost any edition of any author. A person who had only truth and justice in view would have exhibited a faithful statement, a fair debtor and creditor account of the merits and defects of the two editions. But this method, Mr. Malone is conscious, so far from answering his purpose, would have completely disproved and given the *lye direct* to his accusation ; since, in fact, for *one* instance of an alteration for the worse it will be easy to produce *ten* instances of alterations for the better, and such, at the same time, as not only no ignorant or capricious person, but not even a man of sense and sagacity would have hit upon, without the assistance of manuscript corrections or personal information : and after all, it is not in the least improbable that both editions were printed by one and the same person, there being only *nine* years difference in their dates, and the one, whether intentionally or otherwise, just as inaccurate as the other. Both editors, at least, if two there were, were Shakspeares contemporaries ; pro-

bably his acquaintance ; possibly his friends ; and, in all events, equally familiar with the language of his time and his peculiar phraseology. But, leaving Mr. Malones partiality and ingratitude out of the question, I am by no means disposed to admit his judgement as to any ones ignorance of Shakspeares phraseology and metre ; in neither of which, I believe, we shall find him a proficient. Some of these identical instances prove the direct reverse of what they are brought to do, and convict the prosecutor of both ignorance and malignity.

I. " His [*i. e.* the second editors] ignorance of Shakspeares phraseology" consists in printing—

" I can go *no* further," instead of " I can *not* go *no* further ;"

" *I* appointed him," instead of " *I am* appointed him ;" the syllable having slipped out in the press :

" The way to *study* death," instead of " the way to *dusty* death ;" a mere accidental transposition of two letters ; which is constantly happening. The following is of more consequence.

" The seventh [fifth] scene of the fourth act of this play [*Antony and Cleopatra*] concludes with these words :—" Dispatch,—Enobarbus !" Anthony, who, is the speaker, desires his attendant *Eros* to dispatch, and then pronounces the name *Enobarbus*, who had recently deserted him, and whose loss he here laments. But there being no person in the scene but *Eros*, and the point being inadvertently omitted

after the word *dispatch*, the editor of the second folio supposed that Enobarbus must have been an error of the press, and therefore reads ;

“ Dispatch, *Eros*.”

Such is Mr. Malones account of the matter, in which it is only necessary to supply a small omission of the very accurate writer, *viz.* that the line, of which the two words in question are part, is intended for metre, of which he is too good a judge for the omission to have been designed. This intention, however, would be defeated by the word *Enobarbus* ; unless we are to accent it thus :

—my fortunes have

Corrupted honest men. Dispatch.—*Enōbārbūs* ?

Antony is continually repeating the name of Eros ; he does it no less than five times in the preceding scene, and once before in this. The manuscript, it is probable, had, in this place, only an *E.* of which the original printer improperly made *Enobarbus* : this mistake must have been some how or other made known to the editor of the second folio, most likely by a MS. correction in the copy he printed from ; he has therefor rightly corrected the word, but, at the same time, has neglected to observe the transposition which had been made by his predecessor (supposing the printer of each copy two different persons). Take the line, therefor, as Shakspeare

gave it, and let us acknowledge our obligation to the second folio, for so valuable an alteration :

Corrupted honest men.—*Eros ! dispatch.*

If he had meant that Anthony should apostrophise his absent officer, he would have given it thus :

Corrupted honest men.—*O Enobarbus !*

The editor of the second folio was therefor right in supposing, if indeed he was not sure, " that Enobarbus must have been an error of the press."

" In *R. Henry VIII.* are these lines

" —If we did think

" His *contemplation* were above the earth,—"

Not understanding this phraseology, and supposing that *were* must require a noun in the plural number, he reads :

" —If we did think

" His *contemplations* were above the earth, &c."

Now, one would be glad to know where there is a single person to be found, setting aside this petulant dogmatist, who ever heard of such a phraseology, or who does not know " that *were* must require a noun in the plural number."

It would be well if charges of no better foundation or greater strength could be brought against the ignorance of M. Malone.

II. "Let us now examine how far he was acquainted with the *metre* of these plays." Ay marry, now for it; this is a subject upon which we are quite at home.

"In the *Winter's Tale*, we find,—

"What wheels? racks? fires? what flaying?
boiling?"

"In leads, or oils?"—

"Not knowing that *fires* was used as a dissyllable he added the word *burning* at the end of the line."

He did so; and it will be evident to every one who can read that the addition was absolutely necessary, in point of quantity, to the perfection of the line. Mr. Malone can *not* read, and is totally ignorant of the consequences of his own absurd ideas; he could never else have thought such a line as the following consistent with the laws of metre:

"What wheels? racks? *fi-ers*? what *flay-
ing?* boiling?"

Thus, however, he insists that Shakspeare intended us to read—*fwor-en, cha-rums*, instead of *sworn, charms*; *fu-ar*, for *sure*, &c. &c. converting one syllable into two, two into three or four and so on.

Instead of

"And so to *arms*, victorious *noble* father,"

with the *second* folio, we are to read

" And so to *a-rums*, *vic-to-rī-ous* father,"

because *noble*, or some other word of equal quantity,
has been omitted by the printer of the *first*.

Instead of

" But prove it, *Henry*, and thou shalt be king."

As given by the editor of the second folio, " not
knowing Henry to be used as a trisyllable," we are
to read :

" Prove it, *He-nē-ry*, and thou shalt be king."

Instead of

" Pours into captains wounds ! *ba* ! banish-
ment.

pours being a dissyllable, we are to adopt the follow-
ing harmonious line :

" *Po-ūrs* in-*tō* cap-*tāins* wounds ! banishment.

Instead of

She's tickled now, her fume *can* need no spurs.
he thinks it more in the authors manner to read :

" She's *tickelēd* now ; *hēr* fume needs no
spurs,"

Instead of

" The body of *the* city, country, court :"

" The body of *ci-ty*, coun-*tē-ry*, court."

And instead of

“ *Burn* hotter than my faith. O but *dear* fir.

“ *Bu-ūrn hot-tēr* than *m̄* faith. O but fir.”

“ The editor, indeed” he says, “ was even ignorant of the author’s manner of accenting words, for in the *Tempest*, where we find,

“ —Spirits, which by mine art

“ I have from their *confines* call’d to enact

“ My present fancies,”—

he exhibits the second line thus :

“ I have from *all* their *confines* call’d to enact.”

It is somewhat lucky, however, for the editor of the second folio, that we are able to produce in his defence no less decisive a testimony than that of Shakespeare himself. The word in question occurs in *Julius Cæsar* :

“ And Cæsar’s spirit, ranging for revenge,

“ Shall, on these *confines*, with a monarch’s voice,

“ Cry havock, and let slip the dogs of war.”

The reader will now judge for himself which of these two editors, the prosecutor or defendant, is most ignorant of his authors “ phraseology, metre,” and “ manner of accenting words.”

“ Had he consulted the original quarto,” says Mr. Malone, “ he would have found that the poet

wrote"—so and so. Well, but how if he could not get, or never heard of the original quarto? how then? Had he not, in common with every other editor, the right of supplying imperfections or correcting mistakes, according to the best of his judgement? It is no imputation upon the sagacity of Dr. Thirlby or sir Thomas Hammer that they have suggested readings, which, however plausible, are disproved by the more recent discovery of the old quartos: all of which have not been yet seen, even by Mr. Malone; who has, at the same time, been indebted to chance or favour for many of the others; for which he has not, on every occasion, made the most grateful or liberal return.

I shall now proceed to make the editor of the second folio some amends for the injustice, malevolence, and personal abuse of his Hibernian adversary, by displaying a few instances not only of his actual superiority to his predecessor (if, in fact, either edition had any other editor than the compositor of the press), but also where that superiority is admitted by Mr. Malones own adoption. The latter case is distinguished by an asterisk. It was once my intention to have given, what Mr. Malone ought to have done, a fair and faithful collation of the various readings of the two editions; but the space and press-work required even by the following specimen and the necessity I should have thought myself under of going through them a second time, which no one

needs to be told is a work of time and patience, will be a sufficient apology for not having carried it into effect at present. However, as Mr. Malone has preserved all the *errors* of the second folio, and I shall exhibit a considerable number, at least, of its *emendations*, the reader will, between us, have a tolerably complete view of the controversy. The first reading is that of the folio 1623, the other that of the folio 1632.

TEMPEST.

I'll shew thee every fertile inch o'th' *island*.

I'll shew thee every fertile inch o'th' *ile*.

—— *who* t'advance and *who*

To trash for overtopping.

—— *whom* t'advance, and *whom*

To trash for overtopping.

If I should say I saw such *islands*.

If I should say I saw such *islanders*. *

Earths increase, foison plenty.

Earths increase, *and* foison plenty.

You brother mine that *entertaine* ambition.

You brother mine that *entertain'd* ambition.

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

You conclude then that my master is a shepherd, and
I sheep.

You conclude then that my master is a shepherd,
and I *a* sheep.*

You have *cester*n'd me.

You have *tefter*n'd me.*

I see you have a *months* mind to them.

I see you have a *monthes* mind to them.

With *Valentinus* in the emperors court.

With *Valentino* in the emperors court.

If thou wilt go to the alehouse.

If thou wilt go to the alehouse, *so*.*

And instances *of* infinite of love.

And instances *as* infinite of love.*

That they should harbour where their lord *should* be.

That they should harbour where their lord *would* be.

Who would'st thou strike.

Whom would'st thou strike.*

Who Silvia?

Whom Silvia?*

Therefore know *thee* for this I entertain thee.

Therefore know *thou* for this I entertain thee.*

It seems you lov'd not her *not* leave her token,
It seems you lov'd not her *to* leave her token.

Which of you saw Eglamour of late.

Which of you saw *sir* Eglamour of late.*

For such is a friend now, treacherous man.

For such is a friend now *thou* treacherous man.

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

Hold firrah, bear these letters *tightly*.

Hold firrah, bear these letters *rightly*. †

We cannot misuse enough.

We cannot misuse *him* enough.*

Let him strike the old woman.

Let him *not* strike the old woman.*

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

Where youth and cost witless bravery keeps.

Where youth and cost *and* witless bravery keeps.*

More reasons *in* this action.

More reasons *for* this action.

May call it again. Well believe this.

May call it *back* again. Well, believe this.

† Thus also the old quarto. *Tightly*, however, being stark nonsense, is judiciously preferred by Mr. Malone.

Than the soft myrtle, but man proud man.
 Than the soft myrtle, *O* but man, proud man. †
 Bring them to speak where I may be conceal'd.
 Bring them to speak where I may be conceal'd.
Yet near them.

The *prenzie* Angelo.
 The *princely* Angelo.*

In *prenzie* guards.
 In *princely* guards.*

That age ache *periurie* and imprisonment.
 That age ache *penurie* and imprisonment.*

Was affianced to her oath.
 Was affianced to her *by* oath.*

From our faults as faults from seeming free.
Free from our faults, as faults from seeming free.

First let her shew *your* face.
 First let her shew *her* face.*

Although by *confutation* they are ours.
 Although by *confiscation* they are ours.* †

† This, says Malone, "like all the other emendations of that copy, is the worst and most improbable that could have been chosen." *Ipse dixit!* He proposes—"but man, *weak*, proud man."

‡ *Confutation*, however, he thinks, "may be right, by his being *confuted*." If that is the case Mr. Malone himself may be right.

COMEDY OF ERRORS.

And by me had not our hap been bad.
 And by me *too* had not our hap been bad.*

A mean woman was delivered.
 A *poor* mean woman was delivered.*

Which being violently born *up*.
 Which being violently born *upon*.*

Gave *healthful* welcome to their shipwreck'd guests.
 Gave *helpful* welcome to their shipwreck'd guests.*

What *have* befall'n of them and *they* till now.
 What *hath* befall'n of them and *thee* till now.*

That his attendant (*so* his case was like).
 That his attendant (*for* his case was like).*

Look when I serve him so he takes it.
 Look when I serve him so he takes it *ill*. †

Would that *a* love he would detain.
 Would that *alone* he would detain.*

Here is no time for all things.
There is no time for all things.*

In no time to recover hair lost by nature.
No time to recover hair lost by nature.*

† This word, he says, which the rime *seems to countenance*, was furnished, &c. Q. If the rime does not absolutely require it, or he can find another to supply its place.

We talk with goblins owls and sprites.

We talk with goblins owls and *elves* [elvish] sprites.*

I'll meet you at that place some hour hence.

I'll meet you at that place some hour *sir* hence.

Ill deeds *is* doubled with an evil word.

Ill deeds *are* doubled with an evil word.

To drown me in thy *sister* flood of tears.

To drown me in thy *sisters* flood of tears.

And as a *bud* I'll take thee and there lie.

And as a *bed* I'll take thee and there lie.*

Making war against her *beir*.

Making war against her *hair*.*

And then, sir, she bears away our fraughtage, fir.

Then, sir, she bears away our fraughtage, fir.

Oh his hearts meteors tilting in his face.

Of his hearts meteors tilting in his face.

Thus he, unknown to me, should be in debt.

That he unknown to me should be in debt.

Master, if do, expect spoon meat.

Master, if *you* do, expect spoon meat.*

LOVES LABOUR LOST.

Well fitted in arts, glorious in arms.

Well fitted in *the* arts, glorious in arms.*

Well, I will love, write, sigh, pray, sue, groan.

Well, I will love, write, sigh, pray, sue *and* groan.

The *prayful* princefs—

The *praiseful* princefs.*

With men like men, of inconstancy.

With men like men, of *strange* inconstancy.

It mourns that painting usurping hair.

It mourns that painting *and* usurping hair.

And shape his service wholly to my *device*.

And shape his service wholly to my *behests*.* †

As gravitys revolt to *wantons* be.

As gravitys revolt to *wantonness*.*

But, while 'tis spoke, each turn away *his* face.

But while 'tis spoke each turn away *her* face.*

The rest will *e'er* come in if he be out.

The rest will *ne'er* come in if he be out.

They were all in lamentable cases.

O they were all in lamentable cases.

This jest is dry to me.—Gentle sweet.

This jest is dry to me.—*fair*, gentle sweet.

† " One of the very few corrections of any value to be found in that copy." MALONE.

MIDSUMMER NIGHTS DREAM.

This *man* hath bewitched the bosom of my child,
This hath bewitch'd the bosom of my child.*

Unto his lordship whose unwish'd yoke.
Unto his lordship *to* whose unwish'd yoke.

For I am sick when I do look on *you*.
For I am sick when I do look on *thee*.*

Transparent Helena, Nature shews art.
Transparent Helena, Nature *here* shews art.

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

If a Christian *do* not play the knave and get thee.
If a Christian *did* not play the knave and get thee.*

So begone, you are sped.
So begone *sir*, you are sped.*

There is no *voice* so simple.
There is no *vice* so simple.*

More rich than *onely to* stand high in your account.
More rich than *to* stand high in your account.

And ne'er a true one. In such a night.
And ne'er a true one. *And* in such a night.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

After my flight. Now *go in we* content.
After my flight. Now *go we in* content.*

To that which had too *must*.

To that which had too *much*.*

Know you not master to *seeme* kind of men

Know you not master to *some* kind of men.*

Wearing thy hearer in thy mistress praise

Wearying thy hearer in thy mistress praise.*

—searching of they *would*.

—searching of they [thy] *wound*.*

And I remember the kissing of her *batler*.

And I remember the kissing of her *batlet*.

Good even to *your* friend.

Good even to *you* friend.*

Thou art right welcome as thy *masters* is.

Thou art right welcome as thy *master* is.*

Have more cause to hate him than to love him.

I have more cause, &c.

Let me better acquainted with thee.

Let me *be* better acquainted with thee.*

In which *by* often rumination.

In which *my* often rumination.*

Like a ripe sister : the woman low.

Like a ripe sister : *but* the woman low.

My gentle Phebe *did* bid me give you this. †

My gentle Phebe bid me give you this.

† So Malone. *Phebe* must therefor be a monosyllable.

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Were she *is* as rough.

Were she as rough.*

Of all thy suitors here I charge tell.

Of all thy suitors here I charge *thee* tell.*

No such *sir*, as you, if me you mean.

No such *jade sir*, as you, if me you mean.*

Much more a shrew of impatient humour.

Much more a shrew of *thy* impatient humour.*

As before imparted to your worship.

As *I* before imparted to your worship.*

As much news as *wilt thou*.

As much news as *thou wilt*.*

I fear it is too *choleric* a meat.

I fear it is too *phlegmatick* a meat. †

Then at my lodging, an it like you.

Then at my lodging, an it like you, *sir*.

I cannot tell, *except* they are busied in a counterfeit assurance.

I cannot tell, *except* they are busied in a counterfeit assurance.

† It is a *neats foot*, which cannot be thought to engender *choleric*. Besides, the word *choleric*, which Malone prefers, occurs three lines lower.

He will make the man mad to make *the* woman
of him.

He will make the man mad to make *a* woman of
him.*

Whither away or *whither* is thy abode.

Whither away or *where* is thy abode.*

Didst thou never see thy *mistress* father?

Didst thou never see thy *masters* father?*

Well, I say no : and therefore, *sir*, assurance.

Well, I say no : and therefore *for* assurance.*

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

It blots thy beauty as frosts *do* bite the meads.

It blots thy beauty as frosts bite the meads.*

Yet in this captious and *intemible* sieve.

Yet in this captious and *intenible* sieve.*

And would not have knaves thrive long under.

And would not have knaves thrive long under *her*.*

TWELFTH NIGHT.

Yet you will be hang'd *to* be turn'd away.

Yet you will be hang'd, *or* be turned away.

Enter Violenta.

Enter Viola.

That methought her eyes had lost her tongue.

That *sure* methought her eyes had lost her tongue.*

Let thy tongue *langer* with arguments of state.
Let thy tongue *tang* with arguments of state.*

WINTERS TALE.

—clear *stores*.

—clear *stones*.

With hey, the thrush and the jay.

With hey, *with hey*, the thrush and the jay.*

Digest with a custom.

Digest *it* with a custom.

Burn hotter than my faith. O but fir.

Burn hotter than my faith. O but *dear* fir.

Before this ancient fir, *whom*, it should seem.

Before this ancient fir, *who*, it should seem.*

Of excellent witchcraft, *whom* perforce must know.

Of excellent witchcraft, *who*, perforce must know.*

You know *my* fathers temper.

You know *your* fathers temper.*

With her *who* here I cannot hold on shore.

With her *whom* here I cannot hold on shore.*

MACBETH.

Of kernes and gallow-grosses—

Of kernes and gallow-glasses—

Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders.
Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders *breaking*
[break].

Is execution done on Cawdor *or* not
Those in commission yet return'd?
Is execution done on Cawdor? *Are* not
Those in commission yet return'd.*

Whom we to gain our *peace* have sent to peace.
Whom we to gain our *place* have sent to peace.*

Whether, in deed, before *they* here approach.
Whether, indeed, before *thy* here-approach.

K. JOHN.

It would not be fir Nob in any case.
I would not be fir Nob in any case.

Say, shall the current of our right *roam* on.
Say shall the current of our right *run* on.*

Strong reasons make *strange* actions.
Strong reasons make *strong* actions. †

'Tis true to hurt his master, no *mans* else.
'Tis true to hurt his master, no *man* else.*

† Malone, in this, as in other places, prefers the *nonsense* of the first edition to the *sense* of the second.

FIRST PART OF K. HENRY IV.

With such a heady *currance*.

With such a heady *current*.*

To furnish with all appertinents.

To furnish *him* with all appertinents.*

Which in sufferance heartily will rejoyce.

Which *I* in sufferance heartily will rejoyce.*

To his full height. On, on, you *noblis* English.

To his full height. On, on, you *noblest* English.*

Of *headly* murder.

Of *heady* murder.*

Poor *we* call them in their native lords.

Poor *we may* call them in their native lords.

Pales in the flood with men, wives, and boys.

Pales in the flood with men, *with* wives and boys.*

FIRST PART OF K. HEN. VI.

Shall be *whipt* out in the next parliament.

Shall be *wip'd* out in the next parliament.*

If Richard will be true, not that *all alone*.

If Richard will be true, not that *alone*.

Yes, my lord, her father is a king.

Yes, my *good* lord, her father is a king.*

She's tickled now, her fume *needs* no spurs.

She's tickled now, her fume *can need* no spurs.

Trust nobody, for fear you betray'd.

Trust nobody for fear you *be* betray'd.*

When I return with victory *to* the field.

When I return with victory *from* the field.*

To Lynn, my lord; and *ship* from thence to Flanders.

To Lynn, my lord; and *shipt* from thence to Flanders.

HENRY VIII.

Good man, those joyful tears shew thy true *hearts*.

Good man, those joyful tears shew thy true *heart*.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

Are then in council, and the state of *a* man.

Are then in council, and the state of man.

Passion I see is catching *from* mine eyes.

Passion I see is catching, *for* mine eyes.

For I have neither *writ*, nor words nor worth.

For I have neither *wit*, nor words nor worth.

CORIOLANUS.

Our best friends made, our means stretch'd.

Our best friends made, *and* our *best* means stretch'd
out.

ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA.

—my fortunes have
Corrupted honest men. Dispatch *Enobarbus*.
—my fortunes have
Corrupted honest men. Dispatch *Eros*. [*Eros*,
dispatch !]
Let him come in. *What a poor instrument*.
Let him come in. *How poor an instrument*.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Was none in Rome to make a stale.
Was *there* none *else* in Rome to make a stale of.*
Even from *Eptons* rising in the east.
Even from *Hyperions* rising in the east.*

ROMEO AND JULIET.

Jul. Romeo!
Rom. My niece.
Jul. Romeo!
Rom. My sweet.

Mishapen chaos of *well-seeing* forms.
Mishapen chaos of *well-seeming* forms.

Among *fresh fennell* buds—
Among *fresh female* buds—

A *dimne* saint, an honorable villain.
A *damned* saint, an honorable villain.

But *which* a rear-ward following Tybalts death.
But *with* a rear-ward following Tybalts death.

The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
To *many* ashes—
The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
To *mealy* ashes—

HAMLET.

—*this* purfy times.
—*these* purfy times.*

Lord Hamlet is a prince out of thy *Starre*.
Lord Hamlet is a prince out of thy *sphere*.

The *inobled* queen.
The *mobled* queen.

OTHELLO.

Out ran my purpose ; and I return'd *then* rather
Out ran my purpose and I return'd *the* rather—*

Did Michael Cassio, when you woo'd my lady
Know of your love ?
I did not think he had been acquainted with *her*.
Did &c.
Know &c.
I did not think he had been acquainted with *it*.

P. 249.

" The Quip Modest, &c."

~~It~~ " THE author of this pamphlet, after a few copies had got abroad, had the *modesty* to suppress it. Some time afterwards, repenting as it were of his repentance, he issued it out. One instance may be sufficient to shew his *profound ignorance* of the poet whom he attempted to illustrate; he supposed the words *ignomy* and *intergatory*, in a late edition of Shakspeare, to be errors of the press! So, when the clown in *Measure for Measure* says " there were but two stew'd prunes in the house, which at that very *distant* time stood, as it were in a fruit-dish, &c. this Remarker for *distant* would read *instant*."

The veracity of this note is no less remarkable than its decency. That the author of the pamphlet in question ever " had the modesty to suppress it" is an absolute falsehood, known to his printer, his bookseller, and all who bought it. The truth is that, " after a few copies were got abroad," the further sale was delayed till a leaf could be reprinted, in which some erroneous references had been detected, and an expression used which was thought too strong for the person alluded to, even if that person had been Mr. Malone, and another added to convict the

editor or reviser of the "late edition" of a gross and wilful misrepresentation. All this might take up a week, when the publication was continued. As to the rest, both Mr. Malone and the author of that pamphlet may have sufficient reason to wish that neither of them had ever betrayed more *profound ignorance* of this great poet than in barely preferring the reading of one edition to that of another. That *ignominy*, the correction of the second folio, and of which *ignomy* is every where either a contraction or a corruption, is requisite in the present instance will be evident to all, except Mr. Malone, and perhaps the editor (or reviser) of the edition in question, from the line itself:

" *Ignòminy* in ranfom and free pardon."

Intergatories, is likewise nothing more than a contraction of *interrogatories*, as Shakspeare would always have written it, if his metre had not required the sacrifice of a syllable, which prose does not. So, in *K. John*:

" What earthly name to *interrògatories*."

Instant is also the reading of the second folio, and of every other edition before that of 1785. As however it was thought *distant* might be intentional, the instance was omitted in the cancel.

After all, if the "*Quipsters ignorance*" of his author was so "*profound*," why has this infallible

judge adopted any of his remarks or suggestions, sometimes word for word, and elsewhere with *sneaking approbation*, or at second-hand. See vol. ii. 11. 256. 491. 507. iii. 27. 77. 316. 394. iv. 497. 504. vi. 146. 273. v. 459. viii. 634. &c. &c. How say you to this M. Malone?

VOL. I. PART II.

P. 293.

“ *Richard the Confessor.* ”

“ THIS piece,” Mr. Malone observes, “ should seem to have been written by the tinker in *The Taming of the Shrew*, who talks of *Richard Conqueror.* ” Unfortunately, however, the observation is but one out of many instances of our “ half-informed ” editors pleasantry being occasioned by his ignorance. He supposes *Richard* a blunder for *Edward*; because he does not know that there is such a personage as *Richard the Confessor*; whereas there are no less than *four Confessors of that name*, any of whom might have been, and one certainly was, the hero of the above play. In the first place there is saint *Richard the Confessor*, an imaginary king of England, supposed to be buried at Lucca, where he is said to have dyed on his return from a pilgrimage to Rome. Another was bishop of Chichester; a

third of St. Andrews in Calabria; and the fourth hermit of Hampole near Doncaster, whose somniferous lucubrations have contributed in no small degree to the bulk of Mr. Warton's *History of English Poetry*. All of these are expressly stiled *Confessors* in the *English Martyrologe*, 1608, and other books of the same cast: so that the editors "attempt at jocularity" is as "feeble" as his "ignorance" is "profound."

TEMPEST.

P. 21.

Pro. Go make thyself like a nymph o'the sea;
 be subject
 To no sight but thine and mine; invisible
 To every eye-ball else.

The elder folio regulates the passage thus:
 Go make thyself like a nymph o'th' sea:
 Be subject to no sight but thine and mine; invisible
 To every eye-ball else.

The second reads:

——like *to* a nymph o'th' sea.

And now comes our Irish editor, and pronounces as positively as if he had been at the copyists or compositors elbow that the words *be subject* were transferred to the second line "by the carelessness of

the transcriber or printer." "The regulation that *I* have made," says he, "shews that the addition [of the second folio] was unnecessary."

The only difference between the editor of the second folio and Mr. Malone is that the former perfected the metre of the only defective line, and the latter has destroyed that of each. Had this "very fond and skill-less" editor possessed one thousandth part of the sense and sagacity he assumes the credit of, he would have perceived that the blunder of the transcriber or printer consisted, not in transposing the words *be subject*, but, in the insertion of two other syllables which certainly have no business there, and could not possibly have come from Shakspeare, unless Shakspeare had written like Mr. Malone. "The regulation that *I* have made shews that the addition was necessary:" I appeal to those who have ears:

Go make thyself like to a nymph o'th' sea,
Be subject to no fight but mine, invisible
To every eye-ball else.

If this alteration have been made already, it is more than I know.

P. 24.

"Curf'd be I that I did so!—all the *charms*."

"The latter word (*charms*)" we are told "like many others of the same kind is here used as a dissyllable."

How other words "of the same kind" may be used is of little consequence: all we want to know is why the word *charms* should be so used; or, in short, how one syllable comes to be two. The metre of the line is manifestly and simply perfect, as consisting of ten monosyllables, alternately short and long: so that it is absolutely impossible to conceive a less exceptionable instance^o of heroic verse. Is this laborious octennial editor ignorant that his authors measure consists of *ten syllables*? or is he, like many of his wild countrymen, unable to reckon to ten, or to count his fingers? The only reason, I can perceive, for his making *charms* a word of two syllables, is that it cannot possibly be more than one.

P. 37.

—the fair soul herself

Wrig'd, between lothness and obedience, at
Which end *o'the* beam *she'd* bow.

The old edition reads—*should*—and Mr. Pope, by the omission of a single superfluous letter—

Which end *the* beam *should* bow;

an easy and apposite sense, which our ingenious and consistent critic, who thinks that "an omission of any word in the old copy," however nonsensical or absurd, "without substituting another in its place, is *seldom safe*," has rejected for a much more violent alteration, and no sense at all.

P. 39.

“ Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none.

“ *Bourn*,” the editor says, “ might have been used as a *diffyllable*.”

Certainly,—by such a judge of harmony as himself.

“ *Bo-urn*, bound of land, tilth, *vi-nè-yard*, *nònè*.

He could not perceive that there are two syllables wanting to complete the measure. Shakspeare might have written :

Bourn, *limit*, bound of land, tilth, vineyard,
none.

P. 52.

Stephano here asks Trinculo how he escaped, and the latter says that he “ swam ashore like a duck ;” adding, “ I can swim like a duck, I’ll be sworn :” than which nothing can be more simple. Our Irish editor, however, in the *profundity* of his conceit, believes that “ Trinculo is speaking of Caliban, and that we should read—“ *a’* can swim, &c.” than which nothing can be more absurd.

P. 55.

All former editions reading

——most poor matters

Point to rich ends. This my mean task

E

Would be as heavy to me as odious ; but
The mistress whom I serve quickens what's
dead

And makes my labours pleasures,—

our notable critic, for the improvement of the
metre, of which he is a complete judge, alters it
thus :

—most poor matters

Point to rich ends. This my mean task would
be

As heavy to me as odious, but

The mistress, &c.

And justifies the alteration by gravely telling us that
“ our author and his contemporaries generally use
odious as a trisyllable.” How then, will he tell us,
do *he* and *his* contemporaries use it ?

It is evident that all we get by this capricious
change is a transfer to one line of the defect of ano-
ther ; at least, to make any metre of the second we
must read it thus :

“ As heavy to me as *o-di-ous*, but ; ”

as, the editor will undoubtedly pretend, our author
and his contemporaries generally pronounced it.

The insertion of a single syllable perfects the mea-
sure :

—most poor matters

Point to rich ends. This my mean task would
be

As heavy to me as 'tis odious ; but
The mistress, &c.

P. 65.

Trin. The sound is going away : let's follow it,
And after do our work.

Ste. Lead monster, we'll follow,—I wou'd I
could see this taborer : he lays it on.

Trin. Wilt come ? I'll follow Stephano.

The words *Wilt come*, our sagacious editor believes, are addressed to Stephano, who, from a desire to see the "taborer" lingers behind. Will you come or not (says Trinculo) ? If you will not, *I'll follow Caliban without you.*"

Such an "*idle conjecture*" could only, one would think, proceed from a dabbler equally ignorant of our authors manner and unconscious of his meaning. It is, notwithstanding, very much in character. The music is *going away*, and Stephano *lingers behind to see the performer* : this is *Paddy from Cork* with a vengeance ! Suppose now we were to treat the passage thus :

Ste. Lead monster ; we'll follow,—I would I
could see this taborer : he lays it on. Wilt come ?

Trin. I'll follow, Stephano.

It is Trinculo who "lingers behind."

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

P. 120.

" O how this spring of love resembleth.

The editor has inserted both Mr. Tyrwhitts notes, without taking the least notice of the conclusive reply already made to the latter, and which it is unnecessary here to repeat. In return for this piece of candour, I shall only say that I do not in the least wonder to find *him* as ignorant of the principles of English orthography, as he is of the sense and language of the author he has had the presumption to think himself qualified to illustrate. Mr. Tyrwhitt was a man of indisputable learning and critical abilities; but, perhaps on that very account could not, like Cicero, be expected to

" —follow any thing
That other men begin."

P. 133.

Pro. I'll die on him that says so but yourself,

Sil. That you are welcome.

Pro. That you are worthless.

Dr. Johnson, finding the measure defective, prefixed the word *No* to the latter hemistich, " But perhaps," says Mr. Malone, " the particle which he

has supplied is unnecessary. *Worthless* was, I believe, used as a trisyllable. See Mr. Tyrwhitt's note, p. 120."

The gentleman, as his friend Bottom observes, has "a reasonable good ear in music," and "the tongs and the bones" would be no improper accompaniment for such kind of harmony as he thus makes of our all-excellent poets versification. If *worthless* be a trisyllable, it will be necessary to insert a vowel in order to receive the accent, which it must be evident can neither fall upon *worth* nor *less*. One must therefore read :

That you are welcome.

That you are *worth-i-less*.

The editor seems to have acquired the secret of multiplying syllables from a well-known story in Joe Millers Jests, where an equally ingenious Oxford scholar proves *two capons* to be *three*, and gets the *third* for his pains,

They who look for information upon the subject in Mr. Tyrwhitts note will be as much disappointed as that learned gentleman would have been surprised to find them sent thither for it,

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

P. 265.

Farewell, gentle *mistress*; farewell Nan.

"*Mistress*" the editor says, "is here used as a

trisyllable." The accent, of course, falls as usual upon the *second*: e. g.

Farewell, gentle *mis-tè-refs*; farewell Nan."

P. 261.

—to be compass'd like a good bilbo in the circumference of a peck, hilt to point.—

"Thus," says our editor, "the folio. The old 4to reads—of a *pack*, and perhaps rightly. Pedlars packs are sometimes of such a size as to admit of Falstaff's description; but who but a Lilliputian could be "compassed in a *peck*."

O feeble, shallow, profoundly ignorant annotator! It is the *bilbo*, not *Falstaff*, that is "compass'd in a *peck*." He was in a similar condition in the *buck-basket*.

V O L. II.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

P. 101.

Ere twice the sun hath made his daily greeting
To yond generation, you shall find, &c.

If the editor had followed the practice he imputes to the editor of the second folio, "of altering whatever he did not understand," we should scarcely have had a single word of Shakspeare's left. It is there-

for rather fortunate that he has so frequently affected to understand, not only what he was perfectly ignorant of, but what in fact is utterly unintelligible and absolute nonsense.

Yond, in the above passage, being an evident misprint for *the under*, which had been written in the copy *Ye und*, and is requisite both to the sense and to the metre, our notable Hibernian explains it to mean "the *without* door generation." The *metre* of the line will therefor be very properly in unison with the sense.

To yond *ge-ne-ra-ti-on*, you shall find.

P. 140.

And live if *not* then thou art doom'd to die:—
"if not,] Old copy—*no*. Corrected in the *second folio*."

The *second folio*, now under my eye, does not differ from the *first*. Is this a specimen of the editors accuracy or of his veracity?

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

P. 269.

Leon. What do you mean my lord?

Claud. Not to be marry'd,

Not to knit my soul to an approve wanton.

Leon. Dear my lord, if you in your own proof.

These lines have been differently regulated; but

let that pass: "*Dear*," our editor says, "like *door*,
fire, *hour*, and many similar words, is here used as a
disyllable. " We must therefor read:

De-àr, my lord, if you, in your own proof:
which, it must be confessed, is one of the best dis-
syllable lines throughout this harmonious edition.

LOVES LABOUR LOST.

P. 414.

Taffata phrases, filken terms precise,
Three-pil'd hyperboles, spruce *affection*,
Figures pedantical, these summer-flies
Have blown me full of maggot *ostentation*.

"The modern editors," it seems, "read *affec-
tion*;" but "there is no need of change. The
word was used by our author and his contempora-
ries, as a quadrisyllable."

In the Devils name (God forgive me for swear-
ing!) what has the number of syllables to do here?
It is the *rime* we are at a loss for, not the *metre*.
Surely, surely, if ever man was peculiarly disquali-
fied by nature for an editor of Shakspeare, or, in
short, for a reader of poetry, it was this identical Mr.
Malone! Could it have been imagined that a writer
in the eighteenth century would be so *profoundly igno-
rant* of the commonest rules of versification, so totally

destitute of every idea of harmony and arithmetic,
as to propose such a stanza as the following ?

Taf-fa-ta phras-es, filk-en terms pre-cise,
Three-pil'd hy-per-bo-les, spruce *af-fec-ti-on*,
Fi-gures pe-dan-ti-cal ; these sum-mer flies,
Have blown me full of mag-got *of-ten-tà-ti-on*.

Perhaps, however, he will contend that *hyperboles*
is a trisyllable, as nothing can be improbable, in re-
ference to such a genius, on the score of absurdity.
Let it be so, it will make no sort of difference :

Three-pil'd *hy-per-boles*, spruce *af-fec-ti on*.

Only, in the one case, we see that *on* will be the rime
to *ation* ; in the other, *ion*.

MIDSUMMER NIGHTS DREAM.

P. 459.

—Are you not he
That fright the maidens of the villagery ;
Skim milk ; and sometimes labour in the quern,
And bootless make the breathless housewife
churn.

“ Perhaps,” observes our sagacious editor, “ the
construction is—and sometimes make the breathless
housewife labour in the quern, and bootless churn.
This,” he adds, “ would obviate the objection made

by Dr. Johnson, viz. that "the mention of the mill seems out of place, for she is not now telling the good but the evil that he does." Such a construction may be perfectly natural to the maker, whose ideas seem to sport in a most lovely confusion, but how is it possible for any other person to approve it? Nothing can be more easy and intelligible than the passage as it now stands; and the objection taken by Dr. Johnson does not seem well founded: as the fairy may have enumerated mischievous acts *only*. Pucks labour in the quern might be either to disturb the family with the noise, or, if he actually ground the corn, when it was not wanted, or to throw the flour about the house.

P. 464.

The human mortals want their winter here.

The position too hastily advanced by Mr. Steevens of the mortality of fairies has been so fully and completely refuted, that I do not at all wonder to find our present candid and liberal editor continuing that gentlemen's note, tho' I own I am not a little surprised to see the swaggering comment in the edition of 1785 reduced to half a dozen words—

"See the *Faery Queen* B. II. c. 10; and War-
tons OBSERVATIONS on Spenser, vol. i. p. 55.
REED."

And why not likewise to "Tickell's poem, called *Kensington Gardens*," which was to shew "that the

opinion prevailed in the present century?"* But the reduction and omission are sufficient to prove that our modest editor was himself convinced of the fallacy of Mr. Steevens's assertion, and Mr. Reeds *authorities*, though he has not had the candour to acknowledge it. See the *Quip Modest*. pp. 11. 33.

The passage there quoted from Ariosto is thus translated by Sir J. Harington :

" But (either auncient folke beleeu'd a lie,
" Or this is true) a *fayrie cannot die.*"

The following instances, from this very play, were accidentally omitted :

" But *she, being mortal*, of that boy did die."

" I am a *spirit* of no common fort."

If ever any position was or can be demonstrated by literary evidence it is that the fairies of Shakspeare were not subject to mortality. There is no evidence whatever on the other side.

* This poem is printed in Doddsleys Collection, of which the editor or reviser of the edition of 1785 had been a very few years before employed in the republication. He must therefor know that it proved the direct reverse of that for which he referred to it, and consequently that he was asserting an untruth.

I should like to know from the gentleman concerned, or any other able casuist, the exact difference between asserting that a book proves what the asserter knows it disproves, and producing, like Lauder, supposititious extracts for the purpose.

P. 499.

So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart
 Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,
 Due but to one, and crowned with one crest.

“ According to the rules of heraldry,” it is the editors note, “ the *first* house only, (e. g. a father who has a son living, or an elder brother as distinguished from a younger,) has a right to bear the family coat. The son’s coat is distinguished from the father’s by a label; the younger brother’s from the elder’s by a mullet. The same crest is common to both. Helena therefore means to say, that she and her friends were as closely united, as much as *one* person, as if they were *both of the first house*; as if they both had the privilege *due but to one* person, (viz. to him of the first house,) the right of bearing the family coat without any distinguishing mark.”

Every reader of this incomparable edition will have frequent occasion to observe that the editor “ draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument.” The present instance, indeed, is nothing in comparison to pages of inanity with which the work abounds, and which, on account of their “ true no-meaning,” are actually incapable of refutation or discussion. What, in the name of Shakspeare, of sense or reason, has either *the father* or *his eldest son* to do with the passage in ques-

tion? The *two seeming bodies* united by *one heart* are resembled to *coats in heraldry, crowned with one crest*. And this happens either where the *heir* keeps his *paternal* and *maternal* coats, or the *husband* his own and *his wives*, in *separate shields*, as is done on the continent; or, as at present with us, in the *quarterings* of the same shield; in both cases there are *two coats, due but to one, and crowned with one crest*: which is clearly the authors allusion. But I am sorry to add that he must have entirely misunderstood, since he has so strangely misapplied, the expression, *Two of the first*; which, in heraldical jargon, always means *two objects of the first colour mentioned*; that is the *field*. For instance: in blazoning a coat they will say, *Argent*, upon a fesse *gules*, *two mullets of the first*, that is, *argent*, the colour of the *field*. These words are therefor a melancholy proof that our great author sometimes retained the phrase after he had lost the idea, or up the former without sufficient precaution as to the latter. It is not indeed the only one; but "*quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus*." With respect to the note, as it is the offspring of *ignorance*, it becomes naturally the parent of *contempt*.

P. 473.

I know a bank *where* the wild thyme blows.

"*Where*," Mr. Malone informs us, "is here

used as a disyllable. The modern editors," he says, unnecessarily read—*whereon*."

We must therefor, it seems, necessarily read :

" I know a bank *whe-àr* the wild thyme blows.

This, to be sure, is no despicable line ; Mr. Malone is a very pretty harmonist, in his way. But, if we must have a disyllable, why not *bank* ?

" I know a *bà-ank* where the wild thyme blows."

Or *thyme*, still better, as old Geoffrey might have had it ?

" I know a bank where the wild *thymé* blows."

V O L. III.

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

P. 25.

—*away*, says the fiend, *for the heavens* ; rouse up a brave mind and run.

Away for the heavens, that is, as our editor explains it, "*Begone to the heavens*." Now was it possible to imagine that a man who has been labouring for eight years, " with unceasing solicitude, to give a faithful and correct edition of Shakspeare" should be so *profoundly* and completely ignorant of

his meaning in this very simple passage? Can any thing be so unnatural and absurd as for the Devil to advise the person he is tempting to *go to heaven*? But *why to the heavens*? or how get thither? Mr. Malone, it is believed, will find the journey somewhat more difficult than he seems to apprehend it would have been to honest Launcelot. In the mean time, every one, but this floundering commentator, knows that *for the heavens* is nothing more than an adjuration, or, as we now say, *for the heavens sake*.

P. 33.

If a Christian *do* not play the knave, and get thee, I am much deceived.

“ If a Christian (says Launcelot, on receiving a love-letter for Lorenzo,) do not play the knave, and carry thee away from thy fathers house, I am much deceived.” Such is the ingenious editors explanation, which he “ would not have attempted of so easy a passage, if the ignorant editor of the second folio, thinking probably that the word *get* must necessarily mean *beget*, had not altered the text, and substituted *did* in the place of *do*, in which he has been copied by every subsequent editor.” Every subsequent editor must therefor be, at least, equally ignorant; and I dare say, if Mr. Malone is to be the judge, there never was editor, commentator or critic of Shakespeare who had a grain of sense beside himself. A

refutation cannot be expected of such peculiar absurdity. "Launcelot," he says, "is not talking about Jessica's father, but about her future husband." But how does he know this? who told him so? can he be better acquainted with the subject of Launcelot's conversation than the man himself? He is aware, at the same time, that, in a subsequent scene, he says to Jessica, "Marry, you may partly hope your *father got you not*;" but he is now, it seems, on another subject. That, however, is but the idle opinion of Mr. Malone; the editor of the second folio, and all his successors, and, I will venture to add, Shakspeare himself, and all his readers, think very differently.

P. 38.

Shut *doors* after you: fast bind, fast find.

Former editors had supplied a syllable, which is equally necessary to the sense and to the metre. But the delicate ear and critical acumen of their Hibernian successor have enabled him to discover that "*doors* is here used as a dissyllable." A previous acquaintance with the Irish howl must be of infinite service in the perusal of this harmonious edition.

Ibi.

How like a *younker*, and a prodigal.

This elegant and judicious emendation of the old copies, which read *younger*, was made by Mr. Rowe. Our more ingenious editor, however, with becoming

diffidence and profound knowledge, doubts "whether *younger* was a word of our authors time." It, however, happens, a little unluckily, not only to be a word of our authors time, but to be elsewhere used by our author himself. "What!" says Falstaff, in the *Second part of King Henry IV.* "will you make a *younger* of me?" Again in the *Third part of K. Henry VI.*

Trim'd like a *younger* prancing to his love:

If he has elsewhere doubted of his doubt, it only proves how little he is any where to be depended on.

P. 59.

For fear I surfeit!

Bass. What find I *here*.

"The latter word is here employed as a dissyllable."

Of this there can be no doubt, as the line itself will prove:

For fear I surfeit.

What find I *be-àr*.

P. 92.

As far as Belmont.

Jes. In such a night, did
Young Lorenzo swear he lov'd her well.

G

"*Swear* is here, as in many other places, a dis-syllable."

This as usual is confirmed by the metre :

As fār as Bēlmont. In sūch ā nīght dīd
Young Lō-rēn-zō fwē-ār he lōv'd her wēll.

Who can say that our harmonious editor has not employed his eight years labour to advantage when he produces such lines as these ?

AS YOU LIKE IT.

P. 141.

—Now *go we in content*.

Go in we, an accidental transposition of the first folio, being thus properly corrected in the second, our editor, who will not allow that edition the merit or liberty of correcting the most glaring typographical blunder, is "not sure that the transposition is necessary;" for, as he sagaciously observes, "our author *might* have used *content* as an *adjective*:" Whence, I presume, we must necessarily infer that the correction has rendered it a *substantive*, *pronoun*, *verb*, *participle*, *adverb*, *conjunction*, *preposition* or *interjection*. He seems a very pretty grammarian.

P. 145.

The body of *country*, city, court.

Every one who has either ear or eye, will instant-

ly perceive here the want of a syllable, which was supplied by the editor of the second folio, who reads

The body of *the* country, city, court ;

a reading which is essential to the sense and measure of the verse, and which one may therefor reckon indisputably Shakspeares. The present editor, however, who is in fact, what he would have the other thought to be, "utterly ignorant of our authors phraseology and metre," omits the article, under pretence that "*Country* is here used as a *trifysyllable*." To reason with a man who has no more ear for poetry than Dr. Johnson had for music, and he scarcely "knew a *drum* from a *trumpet*, or a *bag-pipe* from a *guitar*," would be absurd : every other person will see it was utterly impossible for Shakspeare to write such a line as this, or indeed for any one but Mr. Malone to conceive it :

"The body of *coun-tè-ry*, city, court.

What a pity it is that the public cannot have the pleasure of hearing Mr. Malone read his own text ! I say *pleasure*, because undoubtedly it would be a most laughable performance.

P. 195.

Over the wretched ? What though you have
no beauty.

The old copies reading—no *beauty*, the editor

will have it to be a misprint for *no*, or *more*, as he has every where else thought proper to write it. This, he says, “ appears clearly from the passage in Lodge’s *Rosalynde*, which Shakspeare has here imitated :—“ Because *thou art beautiful*, be not so coy, &c.” A passage which, as it contains neither *no* nor *mo*, can not certainly prove what it is brought to do. The construction adopted by this penetrating critic is that though a *woman* has *more* beauty than her *lover* she is not on that account to insult him : an idea which one can easily suppose never entered into any head but his own ; one would not, therefor, wish to deprive the present edition of an emendation so worthy of it. But, however, Mr. Malone may read, his author certainly wrote

Over the wretched? what though you have
beauty.

He could not perceive that *no* or *mo* was as injurious to the metre, as his quotation from Lodge might have led him to suspect it was to the sense : though I believe he understands both equally well. But, I well know that “ my learned friend is above taking notice of such slender criticism.”

P. 205.

—I will weep for nothing like *Diana in the fountain*.

Our perspicacious editor had some years ago conjectured that these words had an allusion to some well-known conduit; he has since found his conjecture confirmed, and elsewhere observed "that our author *without doubt* alluded to the ancient Cross in Cheapside," in which was an alabaster image of Diana, and water prilling *from her naked breasts*." So that, unfortunately, the very instance which he has adduced in confirmation of the above sagacious conjecture totally destroys it; unless the *tears* of his Cheapside Diana flowed from her *breasts*, instead of her *eyes*. This would have done well enough in Dublin.

P. 214.

Ah, *sir*, a body would think this was well counterfeited.

"The old copy reads—Ah, *Sirra*, &c. Corrected by the editor of the *second folio*."

It ought, indeed, to have been so corrected by that editor: but the fact is that the second folio reads—Ah, *Sirra*.

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

P. 258.

Vincentio's son brought up in Florence.

"*Vincentio's*" according to Mr. Malone, "is

here used as a quadrifyllable. "Mr. Pope," he adds, "not perceiving this, unnecessarily reads—*Vincen-tio his son*, which has been too hastily adopted by the subsequent editors."

Mr. Malone, no doubt, is able to perceive a great many things which neither Mr. Pope nor any body else would dream of; though, if Mr. Pope did not perceive that a *word of four syllables* was a *word of four syllables*, he must have been a more extraordinary person than he is generally reputed. No, no, Mr. Malone, it was not because he did not perceive *Vincen-tio's* to be used as a quadrifyllable, that he read *Vincen-tio his*, but because, not having had the advantage of an Irish education, he perceived that such a line as the following could not have been written by Shakspeare :

Vin-cēn-ti-ō's son, brōught up in Florēce.

Whatever people may choose to say of Mr. Malones edition, no one will deny him the exclusive merit of deforming his authors verse in the most ridiculous and asinine manner possible.

P. 295.

But, wrangling pedant, this is."

"Probably," the editor admits, "our author wrote—this *lady* is, which," he says, "completes the metre, *wrangling* being used as a trisyllable."

Now, in my humble opinion, it rather completes the evidence that the editor does not know what metre is. He should have accented his lines. What delectable harmony is here !

But, wrāng-gle-īng pedānt, this lady is.

There is a poem, intitled *Teisa*, which was published a few years ago, entirely written in this way, and on that account a sort of curiosity. If it had not born the name of the author (*Anna Fisher*) and been upon a different subject, I should have been positive that it was the production of our musical editor. The said poem, however, and his own Shakspeare are, so far as I know, the only specimens of this kind of metre extant either in the English or any other language.

P. 315.

Where be these knaves ? What no man at *door*.

“ *Door* is here, and in other places, used as a dissyllable.” Right ; you have told us so once before : let us therefor read the line, as it should be, in the Irish way :

¹ ² ³ ⁴ ⁵ ⁶ ⁷ ⁸ ⁹ ¹⁰
Where be these knaves ? What no man at *do-oor*.

A dealer in dissyllables, possessed of the slightest notion of harmony, would rather have made one of *knaves* ; but an editor of common sense would read—the *door*.

PERICLES.

P. 556.

To please the fool and death.

"The *Fool* and *Death*," Mr. Malone observes, "were principal personages in the old *Moralities*." Mr. Malone is hereby called upon to mention one single Morality in which there is any such character as either *the Fool* or *Death*. If he can not, what are we to think of the morality of Mr. Malone?

VOL. IV.

TWELFTH NIGHT.

P. 25.

With adoration's fertile tears.

"Tears," the editor says, "is here used as a *dis-syllable*;" and dissyllables are the most convenient things in the world for patching up a broken verse. Now, what, for instance, can run more smoothly than the following?

With ā-do-rā-ti-ōns fer-tile te-ārs.

Ah, to be sure Mr. Malone is not a very good judge of harmony; to be sure he isn't!

P. 42.

Mar. My purpose is indeed a horse of that colour.

Sir And. And your horse now would make him an ass.

Mar. Ass, I doubt not.

Mr. Tyrwhitt believing that this conceit, which, though bad enough, shews, he thought, too quick an apprehension for *sir Andrew*, should be given to *sir Toby*; "An anonymous writer" asks, if the ingenious critic imagined it "probable that Maria would call *sir Toby*," whom, according to his own account, *she* adored, an *ass*; upon which our truly affable and diffident Hibernian, after premising that his "learned friend is above taking notice of such slender criticism," roundly asserts that "Maria is not speaking of *sir Andrew*, or *sir Toby*, but of *Malvolio*!" I should insult the reader by descending to refute an assertion so wantonly confident, and extravagantly absurd.

P. 37.

And thanks, and ever thanks: Oft good turns.

Theobald inserted the second *thanks*, and added likewise the word *and* to perfect the metre. Mr. Malohe, who is a much better judge of metre, suffers the former word to remain, but rejects the lat-

ter; having no doubt that *turns* was used as a *dis-*
syllable. We must therefor take care to read :

And thanks, and ever thanks : oft good *tu-urns*.

But why, Mr. Malone, should not *good* be a disylla-
ble, since a disyllable there must be, as well as *turns*,
and then, you see, we shall have no need of inter-
polating the *true original reading* of the *only ancient*
authentic copy?

WINTERS TALE.

P. 138.

Mr. Malone reads

——(for cogitation

Resides not in that man that does not think)

which being, as Fabian says, “ exceeding good
sense-less,” is judiciously preferred to the correction
of former editors :

——that does not think *it*.

This is not, however, as he asserts, the reading of
the second folio. But certainly it ought to have
been so, which, in Irish, may be the same thing.

P. 164.

The pretty dimples of his chin, and cheek, his
smiles.

Dimples, according to our metrical Procrustes, as well as *of his*, is here employed as a *monosyllable*; which it must be confessed will make one of the prettiest namby pamby lines that we can any where meet with.

The pretty *dimp's of's* chin, and cheek, his smiles.

Shakspeare had no conception of these little Malonian beauties: he only wrote the line thus:

The pretty dimples of his cheek, his smiles;
leaving it for such superior geniuses as Mr. Malone to improve and finish off.

P. 200.

Burn hotter than my faith.
Per. O but fir.

The editor of the second folio, who, ignorant as he was, seems to have had the use of his ears, eyes, and fingers, reads—

O but *dear* fir.

This addition, however, our infallible metre-master pronounces unnecessary, "*burn* in the preceding hemistich being," he says, "used as a *disyllable*." A *disyllable*! nay then, all will be right enough, as we have only to read this most beautiful and harmonious line:

" *Bu-àrn* hot-tèr than my faith. O but sir.

Ah, well! and who finds fault with it? For

" Dare you think your clumsy lugs so proper
to decide as

" The delicate ears of justice Midas?"

P. 242.

Here where we are.

Lean. The blessed Gods.

" Unless both *here* and *where* were employed as
disyllables, the metre is defective." O by all means
let them be employed as *disyllables*: they are most
useful and excellent things, and make the sweetest
versification imaginable. For instance:

He-àr, whe-àr we are. The blessed Gods.

Or thus, more softly:

He-rèe whe-rèe we are. The blessed Gods.

Here is again "employed as a *disyllable* in *Mac-*
beth, p. 270,

Who comes *he-àr*? The worthy thane of Ross.

KING JOHN.

P. 454.

Kneel thou down, Philip, but rise more great.

" *More* is here used as a *disyllable*."

To be sure it is: and this Mr. Tyrwhitt might have thought an additional proof that our poet "had not forgotten his Chaucer:"

Kneel thou down, Philip, but rise *more* great.

What an admirable thing is it to have a delicate ear! A plain hobbling fellow unblest with that advantage would have only thought the little word *up* wanting, and spoiled, of course, a most excellent mono-dissyllable.

P. 468.

It lies as fightly on the back of him

As great Alcides' *shoes* upon an *afs* :

"i. e. upon the hoofs of an *afs*."

This comment is at least in unison with the text. The idea of Hercules's *shoes* (*N. B.* Hercules wore no shoes) *lying* upon the *hoofs* of an *afs* is every way worthy of the ingenious Hibernian, from whom alone it could proceed.

V O L. V.

KING RICHARD II.

P. 46.

My lord, my answer is—to Lancaster.

The editors note on this passage has been already

refuted; but if ignorance would suffer him to perceive his error, obstinacy would not permit him to confess it.

P. 72.

I would the plants thou graft'st may never grow.

Gard. Poor queen! so that thy state might
be no worse,

I would my skill were subject to thy curse.

"An *anonymous* writer suggests that the queen perhaps meant to wish him childless. The gardeners answer shews that this was not the authors meaning."

The gardeners answer shews no such thing: he merely pursues the allusion.

FIRST PART OF KING HENRY IV.

P. 114.

Mordake earl of Fife, and eldest son.

"The word *earl*," our editor tells us, "is here used as a *diffyllable*;" but "Mr. Pope, not perceiving this," reads—*the earl*.

* Mordake *e-arl* of Fife, and eldest son.

Mr. Pope could no more have conceived Shakspeare capable of writing such a line, than he could have

written it himself: these discoveries were reserved for a second-sighted Hibernian.

P. 142.

Fal. A bastard son of the kings?

Dr. Johnson, having observed that the improbability of this scene is scarcely balanced by the humour, our Irish editor perceives no improbability; asserting roundly that Falstaff does NOT mistake the prince for a bastard of the kings, but means to inform him at once that he knows him and Poins, notwithstanding their disguise.

The text, which is too plain to be misunderstood by a reader of common sense, will speak for itself, and clearly prove that neither Falstaff nor the hostess knows the prince till he says he is "come to draw him out by the ears." Falstaff himself allows that he did not know the prince was within hearing: but this perspicacious critic, who can see into the midst of a millstone, would be thought to know what passes better than either Falstaff, or Falstaffs creator.

P. 162.

Eastcheap. A room in the boars head tavern.

"Shakspeare," says the editor, "has hung up a sign that he saw daily; for the *Boars head* tavern

was very near Blackfriars playhouse. See Stow's Survey, 4to. 1618. p. 686.

No doubt there might be many signs of the *Bears head*, in and about London, besides that in Eastcheap; but why need Shakspeare be at the trouble of carrying a sign from Blackfriars and hanging it up in Eastcheap, where, he must know, it existed already? If the *Bears head* were not the sign of the *Bears head Tavern*, in Eastcheap, let the editor tell us what it was. If it were not, Shakspeare might have looked long enough about Blackfriars playhouse before he had found either the *Bears head* or the *Bears head Tavern*. The sign which Stow mentions was a *Bears head*, and he speaks of it—not as hanging at the time he wrote, but—as having formerly been one of the signs of the stew-houses, which had been long suppressed, and which, every one knows, were not near Blackfriars playhouse. See his *Survey*, 1598, p. 332.

P. 188.

Fal. I deny your *major*; if you will deny the *sheriff*, so.

“An anonymous writer,” we are informed, “supposes, that Falstaff here intends a quibble. *Major*, which sheriff brought to his mind, signifies as well one of the parts of a logical proposition, as the principal officer of a corporation.”—“To render this

supposition probable," says the editor, "it should be proved, that the mayor of a corporation was called in Shakspeares time *ma-jor*."

The supposition would appear sufficiently probable although the pronunciation contended for could not be established by a quotation. Every one knows that *Mayor* is *Major* in Latin, which would be enough for the present purpose. The proof required can only be necessary for one who has every where betrayed the *profoundest ignorance* of his authors language, and who pretends to have collated editions, which, if we may judge from the blunders of his own, he has never looked into. The identical pronunciation in question happens, fortunately enough, to be preserved in one of our authors own plays, the *First part of K. Henry VI.* as printed in the "only ancient authentic edition," the folio of 1623.

Major farewell: thou doo'st but what thou may'st.

KING HENRY V.

P. 508.

Flu. Gots ploit! up to the preaches, &c.

Nothing need or can be added to what has been already urged against this corrupted text and prevaricating comment. See the *Quip Modest*, &c. p. 27.

How unfortunate is it, how injurious to the me-

mory of this great and admirable writer, that his best scenes should be thus mangled and deformed by a restoration, equally impudent and foolish, of what he himself has thought fit to alter or reject! Such conduct deserves a *pillory* rather than a *pamphlet*.

P. 584.

Toward Calais: grant him *there*; *there* seen.

"If *Toward*," the editor observes, "be not abbreviated, our author with his accustomed licence uses one of these words as a diffyllable, while to the other he assigns only its due length."

Arrah! my dear, this will be after mending the matter by making bad worse. The line already wants *one* syllable, if *toward* be abbreviated it will want *two*—and then there will be ten. So that take *two* from *ten*, and there remains *ten*. Our editor is a notable arithmetician in his way: he can multiply one syllable into two or three, reduce two or three to one, and play a thousand such tricks, which neither Cocker nor Bressaw ever once dreamt of. I am apt to suspect, however, after all, that the above observation labours under a capital error of the press; and that, instead of the words, "our author with his accustomed licence," we should read "our editor with his accustomed ignorance."

VOL. VI.

FIRST PART OF KING HENRY VI.

P. 22.

Gloster, we'll meet to thy cost, be sure.

"The latter word" being "here used as a dissyllable," we are to read the line thus:

Gloster, we'll meet to thy cost be *su-ûre*,
than which nothing can be more Malonious—harmonious I would say.

P. 30.

A statelier pyramis to her I'll rear
Than Rhodope's or Memphis ever was.

Mr. Steevens having proposed to read—of *Memphis*, as Shakspeare unquestionably wrote, this sagacious Hibernian observes "Rhodope was of *Thrace*, not of *Memphis*." Well! and whoever supposed she was of *Memphis*? But her *pyramis* was there; which is sufficient authority for the correction.

P. 44.

Enter Mortimer.

Mr. Steevens, from the MS. notes of Mr. Ed-

wards, having observed " that Shakspeare has varied from the truth of history, to introduce this scene between Mortimer and Richard Plantagenet," " a half-informed *Remarker* on this note" (they are the words of the gentle Edmond) " seems to think that he has totally over-turned it, by quoting the following passage from Hall's *Chronicle*: " During which parliament [held in the third year of Henry VI. 1425.] came to London Peter Duke of Quimber,—which of the Duke of Exeter, &c. was highly fested.—During which season Edmond Mortymer, the last Erle of Marche of that name, (whiche long tyme had bene restrayned from hys liberty and finally waxed lame) disceased without yssue, whose inheritance descended to Lord Richard Plantagenet," &c. as if a circumstance which Hall has mentioned to mark the *time* of Mortimer's death, necessarily ascertained the *place* where it happened also. The fact is, that this Edmund Mortimer did *not* die in London, but at Trim in Ireland." So far, so good.

This testy critic seems to smart so much from some corrections of that same " half-informed *Remarker*," that he may be readily allowed to avail himself of every opportunity of abusing him, particularly where he happens to anticipate a quotation which an all-informed editor would have been glad to produce. The passage in Hall (and it is copied by Hollinshed) would be sufficient, it was said, to justify Shakspeare " even if the fact were otherwise;" and

so it undoubtedly is, notwithstanding either the great learning or little scurrility of Edmond Malone. The historian does not, to be sure, expressly say that the Earl of March dyed in the *Tower*; but no person of common sense can think that he meant to relate an event which happened to a *sound, free man* in *Ireland*, as happening to a *lame prisoner* during the time a particular person was feasting in *London*. In fact, he *does* say that this nobleman *dyed in prison*, and that by such prison he meant either the *Tower*, or some place of confinement at no great distance, is almost certain, not only from the circumstance already mentioned, but from a passage in the preceding part of his book, where he expressly tells us that “ the Erle of Marche was euer kepte in the *courte* vnder such a keeper that he could nether doo or attempte any thyng agaynste the king without his knowledge, and dyed without issue.” If he did not mean the *Tower*, let Mr. Malone say what prison he did mean. To what purpose is it that the actual truth was otherwise? Our author had neither *Rymer*, nor *Dugdale*, nor *Sandford*, to consult, and it cannot surely be expected that he should have gone to examine the record office: He naturally took for fact what he found in *History*, and if the historian were but *half-informed*, how could he help it? He was writing a play, not a chronicle. I know, much better, I am persuaded, than Mr. Malone, how little either Hall or Hollinshed is to be depended on in

matter of fact. Is the death of Edmond Mortimer of greater consequence than the intended marriage of lady Bona, or the capture, imprisonment and escape of K. Edward IV. both which are absolutely fabulous and without the slightest possible foundation. And why is not Shakspeare, who has adopted these two lying stories, charged with having in these instances "varied from the truth of history?" The remark was natural enough to Mr. Edwards, who did not know what sort of histories our author consulted; neither indeed is the editors defence of it otherwise, being a pedantic parade of historical knowlege picked up for the occasion, to fasten Shakspeare with a charge which every one must think frivolous, and which he knew to be unjust.

SECOND PART OF K. HENRY VI.

P. 134.

She's tickled now, her fume needs no spurs.

"*Tickled*," it seems, "is here used as a trisyllable. The editor of the second folio, *not perceiving this*, reads—"her fume can need no spurs;" in which he has been followed by all the subsequent editors."

The editor of the second folio, then, has had the use of his ears, which is more than can be said of his Hibernian successor. It requires a certain degree of folly, peculiar to this all-accomplished critic, not to

perceive—that whether *tickled* be a disyllable, or a trisyllable or a quadrisyllable, cannot make the slightest difference; the defect of the line being in another quarter.—According to the hypothesis of our Bæotian editor, we ought to read the line as follows:

She's *tic-kle-èd* now, hère fume needs no spurs.

What a pity it is that Mr. Malone does not appear upon the stage!

THIRD PART OF K. HENRY VI.

P. 267.

Prove it, *Henry*, and thou shalt be king.

“*Henry*,” being “frequently used by Shakspeare and his contemporaries as a word of three syllables,” must be thus pronounced:

Prove it, *He-nè-ry*, and thou shalt be king.

P. 272.

When I return with victory *from* the field.

“Folio—to the field. The true reading is found in the old play.”

The true reading is found in the second folio; which affords one out of many proofs that this edition is not what the editors malice or ignorance has chosen to represent it.

P. 276.

Mf. The queen with all the Northern earls
and lords

Intend here to besiege you in this castle.

“ An anonymous Remarker,” we are told, “ very confidently asserts that “ this scene, so far as respects Yorks oath and his resolution to break it, proceeds entirely from the authors imagination. His oath,” however, “ is in record, and what his resolution was when he marched from London at the head of a large body of men, and sent the message aboveslated to his son, it is not very difficult to conjecture.”

A little superficial reading, and a consummate flock of assurance authorise this hypercritical commentator to abuse what he does not understand. The “ anonymous Remarker,” confidently if it must be, asserts that the scene in question, in which Edward and Richard persuade their father to break his oath, had no foundation in history ; and gives this reason for it, that, “ neither the Earl of March nor Richard was then at Sandal ; the latter being likewise a mere child, scarcely more than (if indeed so much as) nine years old :” in fact he was but just turned of eight. How, therefor, does the Irish editor, with all his pitiful caviling and malignity, pick out from these words that York had never taken an oath ? And, though he and Warwick did leave Lon-

don with 5 or 6,000 men, and might send a message to his son to follow them, it was with the king's own authority, to suppress an insurrection against the established government: nor could either his attacking, or his defending himself against, the queen or prince be any breach of his oath. So that the Remarkers assertion, however confident, is strictly true; which is more than this ingenuous Hibernian can always say of his own, which are at the same time very seldom distinguishable by diffidence.

It is not true that the queen and prince were at York, nor do we find from any good authority that they were sent to by the King. Though, if they had been sent to, and, instead of obeying the requisition, had employed themselves in raising a rebellion, it would have been perfectly consonant with the dukes oath and duty to have prevented or quelled it. But in fact, whatever concern the queen might have in the Yorkshire insurrection, she did not return from Scotland till after the battle of Wakefield.

What sort of histories the Irish editor consults I am at a loss to imagine; and as he does not choose to cite them, I shall for once follow his example. *

* I collect from another note (p. 321) where he says that "neither of his daughters was married at the time when Warwick was in France negotiating a marriage between lady Bona and the king," that the learned gentleman is content either with the same historians whom Shakspeare used, or with those who have followed them: Warwick *never* was in France for any such purpose: as no one but such a "half-informed" note-writer can be ignorant.

The absurd note at p. 278. being founded in gross misapprehension, or *profound ignorance*, is unworthy of more particular notice.

P. 289.

So many *years* ere I shall shear the fleece.

"Mr. Rowe," we are told, "changed *years* to *months*; which was followed by the subsequent editors; and in the next line inserted the word *weeks*, not observing that *hours* is used as a dissyllable. *Years*," it seems, "is in that line likewise used as a word of two syllables."

The reason of Mr. Rowes changing *years* to *months*, and inserting *weeks* was not, as this equally superficial and blundering commentator imagines, purely on account of the measure, but because the king has already mentioned *weeks* and *years*, and afterward enumerates *months*. These two curious dissyllables it must be confessed, help the metre prodigiously: but, in fact, the editor should be expected to rehearse his text to the purchaser, as no one will ever be able to read it without his instructions. The line in question would seem to be accented thus:

So mi-nutes, *hou-ers*, days, months, and ye-àrs.

P. 360.

Now brother Richard, *lord* Hastings, and the rest.

One of the former commentators having, very judiciously, proposed to omit the word *lord*, our ingenious editor observes that *brother*, like many similar words, is here used by Shakspeare as a monosyllable, and the metre was to his ear perfect. He should rather have said, that it is so to his own: which indeed, I can as easily believe as pardon; since the gentleman unfortunately labours under a natural defect, to which whoever interpolated the word must have been also subject, though not in an equal degree. The ears of Shakspeare were formed very differently from Mr. Malones. Observe how smoothly the verse will run!

Now *brà'r Ri-chàrd*, lord Hastings, and the rest.

The editor is unable to perceive the consequences of his own system. The luminous arrangement of his ideas is altogether wonderful!

K. RICHARD III.

P. 569.

When didst thou sleep when such a deed was done?

Q. *Mar.* When holy Harry dy'd, and my sweet son.

"The editor of the second folio," says our acute critic, "changed *When* to *Why*, which has been

adopted by all the subsequent editors; though Margarets answer evidently refers to the word found in the original copy."

The editor of the second folio seems to have understood his authors meaning, which is by no means the case with his "flimsy" antagonist. *Why* is "evidently" right. How happens it, exclaims the queen, that Heav'n slept when such a deed was done! Margaret, catching at the words *such a deed*, adds When holy Henry and my son were murdered.

If *When* were right the queen would be guilty of a manifest absurdity, as the question would answer itself. But an Irish editor must have an Irish text.

P. 588.

What heir of York is there alive, but we?

And who is Englands king, but great Yorks
heir?

"Richard," says the editor, "asks this question in the plenitude of power, and no one dares to answer him. But they whom he addresses, had they not been intimidated, might have told him, that there was a male heir of the house of York alive, who had a better claim to the throne than he; Edward earl of Warwick the only son of the usurpers elder brother George duke of Clarence; and Elizabeth, the eldest daughter of Edward IV. and all her sisters, had a better title than either of them."

Either this frivolous commentator is "profoundly ignorant" of the history of the monarch whom he chooses to call usurper, or wilfully misrepresents it. King Richard, it is well known, had as good a title to the crown as the late king William or queen Anne, or the reigning house of Hanover. The issue of King Edward had been *bastardized*, the duke of Clarence *attainted*, and himself *declared the undoubted heir of Richard duke of York*, BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT: and what better title has the present king? It might as well be said that, when he, by his champion, challenged all the world to dispute his right, he did it "in the plentitude of power;" and that they whom he addressed, "had they not been intimidated, might have told him that there was a male heir of the house of 'STUART' alive, who had a better claim to the throne than he!" An act of parliament is of no more force in the 17th or 18th century than it was in the 15th.

V O L. VII.

CORIOLANUS.

P. 193.

"The etymology which Dr. Johnson has given in his dictionary—"MALKIN, from *Mal* or *Mary*, and *kin*, the diminutive termination,"—is, I apprehend, erroneous." MALONE.

Mr. Malones apprehension arises from his ignorance of the English language. The diminutives *Wilkin, Tomkin, Jenkin, Perkin, Simkin, &c. &c.* sufficiently corroborate Dr. Johnsons etymology; and they who know to what the diminutive of *Margaret* has given a name can be at no loss to account for the reason of *Malkin* being degraded to signify a *mop of clouts*, or a *scarecrow*: neither of which significations, by the way, has anything to do with the text. But such is the absurd consequence of an Irish editor attempting the illustration of an English author.

P. 159.

[*Corioli*.] As the editor makes an uncommon fuss with his pretensions of adhering to the old copy, let him give a reason why he has chosen to read *Corioli*, not only in opposition to his original, but to Shakspeares authority,—Norths *Plutarch*. This, however, is not mentioned as the only instance he has given us of his want of truth, fidelity, candour, and consistency.

P. 220.

Sic. You shew too much of that.

“ This speech is given in the *old copy* to *Caminius*. It was rightly attributed to *Sicinius* by Mr. *Theobald*.”

Having neither Theobalds edition nor the first

folio at present before me, I shall leave the above assertion to its credit. But this I can say, that the *second folio*, which, if it is not to be called an "old copy," is clearly not a very modern one, gives the speech to *Sicinius*; and I, for one, do not believe that the first gives it to any body else. If it does, the second folio is good for something; which is more than any one will be found to say of Mr. Malones edition, at the end of a century and a half, should it so long have the unmerited good fortune to escape the figs and pepper to which it is destined.

P. 237.

Because that now it lies you on to speak,
To the people; not by your own instruction,
Nor by the matter which your heart prompts
you,
But with such words that are but roted in
Your tongue, though but bastards and syllables
Of no allowance to your bosoms truth.

The editor being as devoid of harmony as one of the long ear'd fraternity, naturally thinks, if he be capable of thinking,—for, as he elsewhere makes his author observe,

——cogitation

Resides not in the man who does not think,—
that all his readers must be as defectively organized
as himself. How else could he have printed such

execrable hobbling lines as coming from Shakspeare? He will not have sense to perceive the superiority of the following arrangement;—it is not intended for him. To offer him harmonious verses would be literally throwing pearls to swine.

Because

That now it lies you on to speak to th' people,
Not by your own instruction, nor by th' matter
Which your heart prompts you to, but with
such words

That are but roted in your tongue, but bastards,
Of no allowance to your bosoms truth.

Prompts you to is the reading of the second folio. The words *Though* and *and syllables* have been interpolated by such another editor as himself; as they only serve to make nonsense of the passage. But, indeed, sense or nonsense, harmony or discord, verse or prose are all the same to him.

P. 283.

If you have heard your general talk of Rome,
And of his friends there, it is *lots to blanks*,
My name hath touch'd your ears.

A *lot*, here, Dr. Johnson says, is a *prize*. It certainly is so; though our sagacious Hibernian believes him mistaken. *Menenius*, he imagines, only means to say that it is more than an equal chance that his

name had touch'd their ears : which is precisely the effect of Dr. Johnsons explanation. But, adds he, if *lot* signified *prize*, there being in every lottery many more blanks than prizes, Menenius must be supposed to say, that the chance of his name having reached their ears was very small : a criticism exactly calculated for the meridian of Tipperary. Menenius says it is *prizes* to *blanks*, something to nothing, 20,000l. to a piece of waste paper, &c. A *lot* is what one *gains* in the lottery ; and our learned editor, no doubt, if he got a blank, would say he had *gain'd* a *loss*. Neither Shakspeare, however, nor Menenius was an Irishman.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

P. 334.

Are then in council and the state of *a* man.

Such, it seems, is the reading of the elder copy. " The editor of the second folio omitted the article, probably from a mistaken notion concerning the metre ; and all the subsequent editors have adopted his alteration. Many words of two syllables," however, " are used by Shakspeare as taking up the time of only one ; as *whether*, *either*, *brother*, *lover*, *gentle*, *spirit* ; &c. and I suppose," concludes this profound critic, " *council* is so used here."

There can be no occasion, I should think, to make

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any remark upon a note of which the premisses are so false, and the conclusion so foolish. Neither our author nor any other author in the world ever used such words as *either*, *brother*, *lover*, *gentle*, *spirit* as monosyllables; and though *whether* is sometimes so contracted, the old copies on that occasion usually print *where*. It is, in short, morally impossible that *two* syllables should be no more than *one*.

P. 356.

—If this be known,
Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back,
For I will slay myself.

The editor believes that Shakspeare wrote

Cassius *on* Cæsar never shall turn back,

And says, the next line strongly supports this conjecture. He must mean, it is presumed, in the Irish way; as a mere English reader would conclude that the next line totally destroys it. If, adds he, the conspiracy was discovered, and the assassination of Cæsar rendered impracticable by "*prevention*," Cassius could have no hope of being able to prevent Cæsar from "turning back; and in all events this conspirators "slaying himself" could not produce that effect.

It is much to be lamented that the legislature has not prevented this misconceiving, blundering fo-

reigner from dishonouring and debasing the margin of Shakspeare by such palpable absurdities. Cassius says, if the plot be discovered, at all events either he or Cæsar shall never return alive, for, if the latter cannot be killed, he is determined to slay himself. The sense is as plain, as the alternative is just and necessary, or the proposed reading ignorant and absurd.

P. 376.

Even at the base of Pompeys statue.

If *even*, says the editor, be considered as a monosyllable, the metre, of which to be sure he is an admirable judge, will be defective. But though it is not our authors practice to make this adverb a disyllable, yet clearly if we treat it as one, the defect is removed, and the metre exactly suited to "the delicate ears" of this Irish Midas; whose admirers are to read the line thus:

E-vēn āt thē bāse ōf Pōmpēys stā-tūe.

P. 377.

For I have neither *writ*, nor words, nor worth.

The first folio, by an evident blunder, having *writ*, is followed by our congenial editor, who does not like to see a blunder corrected. *Wit*, the reading of the second folio, will receive the approbation of every one who has sense.

P. 383.

Our best friends made, our means stretch'd *to*
the utmost.

We are indebted for the three last words to the conceit of the present editor, who has had the modesty to advance them to the honour of a place in the text. The second folio, from some good authority, no doubt, reads :

Our best friends made, *and* our *best* means
stretch'd *out.*

Which, whether he understand it or not, has an evident and easy sense, and is perfectly in our authors manner.

——stretch'd to the utmost

is much too *Malonish* for so correct and elegant a writer.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

P. 466.

Go to then ; your confiderate stone.

Sir W. Blackstone having remarked that the metre of this line is deficient, the editor, with his usual modesty observes that "*Your*, like *hour*, is used as a disyllable; the metre therefore is not defective."

Defective? no, certainly; nothing can be more harmonious :

Go tō then ; yōu-er cōn-si-dē-rate stōne.

However, as Enobarbus, to whom it belongs, generally speaks in plain prose, there is no occasion for any further attempt to harmonize it.

P. 474.

—Good night dear lady.—
Good night, fir.

“ These last words, which in the only authentick copy of this play are given to Antony, the *modern editors*,” according to Mr. Malone, “ have assigned to Octavia. I,” however, he adds, “ see no need of change.” He addresses himself to Cæsar, who immediately replies, *Good night*.” The first of these “ *modern editors*” happens to be his old friend the editor of the second folio (which he pretends to have collated with so much care), who appears, from this and numberless other instances, to have had a copy of the first folio corrected by the players who published it, or some other well-informed person. That Mr. Malone sees “ no need of change” is the strongest possible reason for believing that a change is absolutely necessary. And so it certainly is : Antony has already said “ Good night, fir,” to Cæsar, in the three first words of his speech : the repetition would be absurd.

P. 479.

Ram thou thy *fruitful* tidings in mine ears,
That long time have been *barren*.

Though the first word is evidently a misprint for *Rain*, as it has been given by Sir T. Hanmer and others, the editor *suspects no corruption*. "The term employed in the text," he says, "is much in the style of the speaker;" (what he means by that is difficult to say;) "and is supported *incontestably* by a passage in *Julius Cæsar*," which *incontestably* does not support it at all, the idea being perfectly distinct. The term employed, however, as well as the note upon it, is much in the style of the editor; and it would be a pity to lose any opportunity of laughing at his bulls and blunders; which, it must be nevertheless admitted, are as impertinent in the margin of Shakspeare as a buffoon would be in a church.

Ram is likewise a vulgar word, never used in our authors plays, but once by Falstaff, where he describes his situation in the buck-basket. Though if, in the *Tempest*, the negligence of a press-man had left

—Heavens *ram* grace,

this judicious critic would have supported that authentic reading in the same way. For, as he has elsewhere justly observed, "If such *capricious innovations* were to be admitted, every line in these plays

might be changed." Some people are too ignorant to innovate.

P. 499.

Spake you of Cæsar? *How?* the nonpareil!

"*How*, I believe, was here printed by mistake for *ho*!" MALONE.

It was not; and *ho*, which this ingenuous annotator found in the second folio, is nothing more than an accidental transposition of *oh*.

Oh Antony! *oh* thou Arabian bird!

The editor can pilfer, though he cannot praise.

P. 508.

Then, world, thou hast a pair of chaps no more,
And throw between them all the food thou hast,
They'll grind *the one* the other. Where's Antony?

Dr. Johnsons emendation certainly deserved a place in the text; and a very slight alteration would prevent its destroying the metre, which any but our asinego of an editor will instantly perceive.

—grind *the one the other*—

will never do. The measure is perfect in the old reading, which requires only one syllable for another. Shakspeare wrote:

They'll grind *each* other. Where is Antony?

P. 575.

Being so *frustrate*, tell him he mocks *us* by
The pauses that he makes.

The two last words of the first line are added by the present Irish editor, who observes that "the defect of the metre," of which he knows as much as a superannuated jack-ass, "shews that something was omitted." Former editors supplied the measure by reading

Being so frustrated, tell him he mocks ;
which, it must be confessed, does not afford an easy sense. Shakspeare, however, would never have written the above hobbling line, which has no sort of pretensions to metre. We may read :

Being so frustrated, he mocks us by.

V O L. VIII.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

P. 27.

The ear, taste, touch, *smell*, all pleas'd from thy
table rise.

"*The ear*," it seems, "was intended to be contracted into one syllable ; and *table* also was proba-

bly used as taking up only the time of a monosyllable." This nonsense is to justify the retention of *all*, which better judges had found it necessary to omit, or rather to change for *smell*. Mr. Malone reads the line thus, that is, if he can read at all :

Th'ear, taste, touch, smell, all pleas'd from *thy*
tail rise.

P. 40.

The clamorous demands of *date*-broken bonds.

The old editions read :

—of *debt*, broken bonds.

Hammer and others omit the syllable, which the present editor has thus judiciously restored ; being unable to perceive that he was injuring the metre, without improving the sense.

P. 52.

—This slave

Unto *his honour* has my lords meat in him.

The modern editors have concurred in reading—

Unto *this hour*—

as unquestionably Shakspeare wrote. But the corruption, being manifest nonsense, is properly replaced in the present text, where it will find nothing to put it out of countenance.

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P. 61.

The devil knew not what he did, when he made man politick; he cross'd himself by't: and I cannot think but in the end, the villanies of man will set him clear.

The meaning, as elucidated by this perspicacious critic is as follows: *The devil did not know what he was about when he made man crafty and interested; he thwarted himself by it; and I cannot but think that at last the enormities of mankind will rise to such a height as to make even Satan himself, in comparison appear* (what he would least of all wish to be) *spotless and innocent*; which seems much more obscure than the text itself. The editor has omitted three very weak notes of Warburton, Johnson and Tollett, to make way for his own nonsense; but why the passage should have required a note, except to inform us that the commentator did not understand it, is not easy to conceive. The devils folly in making man politic is to appear in this, that he will at the long run be too many for his old master, and get free of his bonds. The villanies of man are to set himself clear, not the devil, to whom he is, by ignorant enthusiasts, supposed to be in thralldom.

P. 63.

Your masters confidence was above mine,
Else, surely, his had equall'd.

Our modest Hibernian, after giving an interpretation, which he professes to think wrong, because "a shallow Remarker" has endeavoured to represent it as unintelligible, allows it may be so to him, as the wit of some men (meaning, of course, his own) like Falstaffs desert "is too thick to shine, and too heavy to mount." "This Remarker, however," he proceeds to relate, "*after a feeble attempt at jocularity*, and saying that he shall take no further notice of this editors *see-saw conjectures*, with great gravity proposes a comment evidently formed on the latter of them, as an original interpretation of *his own*, on which the reader may *safely* rely."

Friend Butler somewhere tells us, there is no argument like matter of fact: we shall presently see who is the *thief*.

In the edition of 1778, the latter of this ingenious gentlemen "see-saw conjectures" is as follows:—"The passage however may be explained thus:—*His* may refer to *mine*; as if he had said: Your master's confidence was above *my masters*; else surely *his*, i. e. the sum *demanded from my master* (for that is the last antecedent) had been equal to the sum *demanded from yours*."

The *Remark* is: "Your master, it seems, had more confidence in lord Timon than mine, otherwise, his (*i. e.* my masters) debt (*i. e.* the sum due to him from Timon) would, certainly, have been as great as your masters (*i. e.* as the money which Timon owes

to your master); that is, my master, being as rich as yours, could and would have advanced Timon as large a sum as your master has advanced him, if he (*i. e.* my master) had thought it prudent to do so."

Very well: now comes "the true explication," which the editor says he "also formerly proposed;" an assertion, if he mean in the edition of 1778, which is evidently untrue. The reader may compare them.

"*His* may refer to *mine*. "It should seem that the confidential friendship subsisting between your master and Timon was greater than that subsisting between Timon and my master; else surely *his* sum, *i. e.* the sum *borrowed* from *my* master, [the last antecedent] had been as large as the sum *borrowed* from yours."

It must be perfectly clear, that the Remarker could not be indebted to a note which, so far as it is intelligible, seems diametrically opposite to his idea. It is equally so, that the editor has availed himself of the above "shallow" Remark, to vary the expression of his "see-saw conjecture," and give it a sense it would otherwise never have had. Q. E. D.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

P. 145.

And skill-less as unpractis'd infancy.

Dr. Johnson says that "Mr. Dryden, in his alte-

ration of this play, has changed *skill-less* to *artless*, not for the better, because *skill-less* refers to *skill* and *skilful*. "A very *fond and skill-less Remarker*, on this note," adds the editor, "asks and does not *artless* refer to *art* and *artful*."

Without interesting myself at all in what I do not profess to understand, I shall only beg leave to say that if Mr. Malone meant, by this piece of insolent vulgarity, to assert that there was any such question in the "*Remarks on the last edition, &c.* 1785, the assertion is a gross falsehood. He seems to commit forgery for the sake of abuse.

K. LEAR.

P. 583.

Here our learned editor, incapable of distinguishing history from romance, quotes Geoffrey of Monmouth for "an historical fact." In a subsequent page (601) he assures us that "*Nero* is introduced in the present play above 800 years before he was born." He should therefore seem to have some secret method for ascertaining the æra of persons that never existed, and of events that never happened. It cannot, however, be by means of the *black art*, as he is certainly *no conjurer*.

P. 587.

Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave
you all.

Father, brother, rather, he has already observed,
he says, were sometimes used by Shakspeare as monosyllables :

Your old kind *fa'r*, whose frank heart gave
you all.

The folios read :

Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave all.

The poetical reader will judge which line is most
likely to have fallen from Shakspeare.

V O L. IX.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

P. 66.

Jul. Romeo !

Rom. Madam.

“ Thus,” says Mr. Malone, “ the original copy
of 1597. In the two subsequent copies and the folio
we have—*My niece*. What word was intended by
it is difficult,” for him, “ to say. The editor of the

second folio," he adds, " substituted—My *sweet*:" which, being an emendation equally just and beautiful, and, by his own admission, more " tender" than what he calls " the original word," he rejects as an arbitrary substitution, " all the alterations in that copy" being " made at random;" not excluding those which this candid commentator has elsewhere thought fit to adopt.

Madam, which is given to Romeo, in the first copy, by a mere mistake of the compositor, evidently belongs to the nurse, who is supposed to call Juliet from within. Shakspeare, however, thought proper to alter the word to *sweet*, and give it to Romeo; or indeed one of the speeches may have dropped out at the press. *Neece* is a palpable misprint.

P. 100.

Hood my unmann'd blood.

" To hood a hawk, that is to cover its head with a hood," we are here told, " was an usual practice, before the bird was suffered to fly at its quarry."

If such a practice ever prevailed, I conclude it must have been in our luminous editors native country. It will appear a very strange doctrine to the amateurs of this savage amusement, that the hawk should be flown at game which it was not suffered to see. The fact is that they, on this occasion, took the hood off.

P. 113.

But thou flew'st Tybalt; there art thou happy
too.

"Thus," he says, "the first quarto. In the subsequent quartos, and the folio *too* is omitted."

Now, reader, be pleased to mark the candour, the integrity of this ingenuous critic. The editor of the *second folio*, who, he pretends, has been the most arbitrary, ignorant and capricious of the whole set, reads exactly with the *first quarto*. What say you to this, M. Malone? Is this too an alteration made at random and suggested by ignorance and caprice?

P. 123.

When the sun sets the *air* doth drizzle dew.

The reading of some editions is—the *earth* doth drizzle dew—which our editor says is philosophically true, and ought to be preferred.

No one I believe ever before heard of the earths *drizzleing dew*. The editor seems to have got his philosophy out of Dr. Hills *Inspector*, which, to be sure, is a very proper school for such a novice. That Shakspeare, however, thought it was the *air* and not the *earth* that *drizzled dew* is evident from other passages.

So in *R. John*:

Before the *dew* of evening *fall*.

Again in *K. Henry VIII.*

His dews fall every where.

Again, in the same play :

The dews of heaven fall thick in blessings on her.

Again, in *Hamlet* :

Dews of blood fell.

I suppose we are in these places to read *earth* for *heaven* and *rife* or *rose* instead of *fall* or *fell*.

HAMLET.

P. 217.

Lends the tongue vows : these blazes, daughter.

Some epithet, he says, has been omitted in consequence of which the metre is defective. There is not the smallest ground for such a supposition : *Blazes* is a *quadrifyllable*. We may therefor read :

Lends the tongue vows : these *bla-a-à-zes*,
daughter.

P. 426.

Of *carnal*, bloody and unnatural acts,

" *A feeble Remarker*," as this Herculean commentator elegantly observes, " asks " was the rela-

tionship between the usurper and the deceased king a secret confined to Horatio?" "No," he answers, "but the *murder* of Hamlet by Claudius was a secret which the young prince had imparted to Horatio alone; and to this it is he *principally*, though *covertly* alludes."

And, pray, what is all this to the signification of the word *carnal*? But it is natural enough for a feeble Remark to produce a pitiful cavil from a half-informed hypercritic.

OTHELLO.

P. 445.

—must be *belee'd* and calm'd.

"The *lee*-side of a ship," we are told, "is that on which the wind blows. To *lee*, or to be *lee'd* may," therefor "mean, to fall to leeward, or to lose the advantage of the wind."

Alexander the great, after listening to the laboured oration of a pedantic philosopher on the art of war, observed that he had never heard a fool talk so learnedly. This compliment cannot possibly be applied to our editor, who always talks like himself; pretending to know every thing and knowing nothing. One would have thought that every fool knew that the *lee* side of a ship is that—not on which, but from which the wind blows. The editor has read in the

newspapers of a *lee-shore*, which would be there rightly interpreted, a shore *on* which the wind blows ; but it is so termed in reference to the *ship*, as being a shore on its *lee side*. *Belee'd* is a word formed like *becalm'd*, &c. and means, as other persons have rightly explained it, that Cassio intercepted the wind of favour or preferment.

P. 537.

Keep leets and lawdays.

"The *leet*," our learned editor observes, "according to Lambard, was a *court* or jurisdiction above the wapentake or hundred, comprehending three or four hundreds. The *jurisdiction* of this court is now in most places merged in that of the *county court*."

There is, I am persuaded, some misrepresentation as well as some ignorance in this note. As to the first charge, he may acquit himself of it by producing a passage in which Lambard has any such assertion. Upon the second count, Ignorance, he must be clearly convicted. The *Leet* being a *criminal court* as well as a *court of record* never had, nor possibly could have, the slightest connection with the *county court*, which is neither the one nor the other, and consequently cannot have merged in it. You see, therefor, M. Malone, that your friend Minshew is not always to be depended upon.

VOL. X.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

P. 388.

Was there none else in Rome to make a stale of.

"The words, *there, else, and of*, are not found in the *old copies*. This *conjectural emendation* was made by the editor of the *second folio*."

Since our critic has elsewhere shewn (as he says) "that all the alterations in this edition were made at random," and that the editor was entirely ignorant of our authors phraseology and metre, how comes it that his arbitrary innovation of no less than three words should have been honoured with a place in our authors text? Because, for once, he has omitted to perceive that Shakspeare used the words *none Rome*, and other words of that kind, as dissyllables and consequently the metre "was to his ear perfect,"

Was *none* in *Rome* to make a stale.

P. 451.

Even from *Hyperion's* rising in the east.

"The [first] folio," says Mr. Steevens, "reads *Epton's*; the quarto *Epion's*: to which Mr. Malone,

without blushing, adds, "the correction was made in the second folio;" most inconsistently deserting the *only true ancient authentic copies* for the *arbitrary emendation* of an ignorant editor in an edition of *no value whatever?*

P. 467.

It is observable that our equally modest and consistent critic thinks it "highly probable" that the second scene of the third act of this play "was added by our author:" an opinion for which he has here attempted to ridicule a much more respectable character than himself; and one whose judgment seems, from this instance, at least, to have been altogether upon a par with his own. See the Preface, p. lix.

APPENDIX.

P. 599.

Vol. iv. Tw. N. p. 46. He has observed, he says, that *lover* is elsewhere used by our poet as a word of one syllable. So, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*:

"Tie up my *lover's* tongue; bring him silently."

Again, in *King Henry VIII.*

"Is held no great good *lover* of the archbishops."

As to the first of these pretended instances, it proves nothing; being only (whatever he may say to the contrary) a misprint for *love's*. And every one but this sagacious critic will perceive that the other is to be pronounced like what it is, a word of two syllables:

Is held no great good *lover* of th' archbishops.

P. 643.

H. V.

P. 492. His nose was as sharp as a *pen*, and
'a babble of green fields.

On this difficult passage our editor had one conjecture which had luckily, it seems, escaped him when the play was printing, but he unfortunately recollected it in time for his appendix. It is that the word *table* is right, and the corrupted word *and*, which may have been misprinted for *in*; and thus then the passage will mean—"and his nose was as sharp as a *pen* in a *table* of green fields." A *pen* may have been used for a *pin-fold*, and a *table* for a picture. The pointed stakes, he adds, of which pinfolds are sometimes formed were perhaps in the poet's thoughts.

Risum teneatis? If Shakspeare had had the pointed stakes of a pinfold in his mind's eye he would have mentioned it, for though the *stake* may be sharp, the *pinfold* is not. But why waste a moment in the

consideration of such miserable nonsense? Whoever knew the word *pen* used for *pinfold*, or a *pinfold* placed amidst a parcel of green fields? We have *pens* for *geese*, indeed, and *pens* for *sheep*; but no one ever before heard of the *pen* of an *ass*.

P. 643.

P. 495. "An anonymous writer," we are told, "supposes that by the words—*keep close*, Pistol means *keep within doors*. That this was not the meaning," it seems, "is proved decisively by the words of the quarto."

That this is not the meaning in the quarto may be proved decisively by the words of that edition; but the meaning of the folio is to be ascertained by its own: so that the supposition may be right enough.

Such are the observations which I have had to make upon this most sagacious of editors, and his unparalleled edition. I must not, however, be understood to say that I have paid equal attention to all his absurdities. His pages abound with examples of *profound ignorance*, *idle conjectures*, *crude notions*, *feeble attempts at jocularity*, *flender criticism*, *shallow*, *half-informed*, *fond*, *skill-less*, *tasteless* and *unfounded remarks*, no less, or possibly much more, worthy of contempt and derision than those exposed in the present sheets. They can only, therefor, serve as a

hasty or imperfect sketch of what may be done by others; if indeed either Mr. Malone or his edition be intitled to any further notice. It will be easily seen that, in the course of this investigation, "I have endeavoured, as much as possible, to avoid all controversy;" and Mr. Malone, I am sure, has too exalted an opinion of his peculiar merits, and too sovereign a contempt for those who dare call them in question, to permit that the serenity of his mind should suffer a moments discomposure by the appearance of an insignificant pamphlet; well knowing that "of such flimzy materials are many of the *hyper-criticisms* composed to which the labours of the editors and commentators on Shakspeare have given rise."



THE END.